

The Daily Mirror.

No. 17.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1903.

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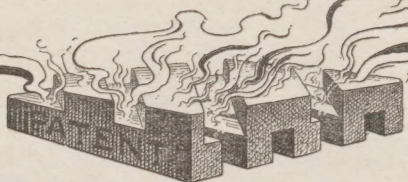
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Would be to quote from the book itself. So far, then, as the space will allow, this shall be done. But first it would be as well to show that the publisher is not alone in his conviction that "Uther and Igraine," by WARWICK DEEPING, is a remarkable novel; to this end quotations from several reviews follow.

THE TIMES says:—"The style . . . is full of poetry, and carries one along like a flood. The lucidness of it will send some readers back with renewed zest to the simple force of Malory, to the chaste vigour of Tennyson."

THE MORNING POST says:—"A stirring tale from start to finish . . . full of passion and colour."

THE GLOBE says:—"Real spirit and 'go,' real eloquence and picturesqueness. . . Igraine is certainly a woman of character and resource, and is made to stand out very clearly and effectively."

THE DAILY EXPRESS says:—"Mr. Hewlett has . . . a rival in romance. A stronger plot than 'Forest Lovers,' and an equal charm of style."

There is space for but one quotation from the book itself—surely this will suffice? It is the end of the fight between Uther the King and Count Gorlois—the King has given the penultimate blow. Gorlois is on his knees before the King.

"Mercy! God's mercy!"

"Curse you! Had you pity on the woman?"

"Sire, sire!"

"Thunder rolled overhead, and the girdles of the sky were loosed.

A torrent of rain beat upon the man's streaming face; he tottered on his knees, and still held his hands to the heavens.

"I lied," he said. "God witness, I lied."

"Ah—!"

"The woman lives—is at Tintagel."

"Man—!"

"Give me life, sire, give me life; you shall have her."

"Uther looked at him and heaved up his sword. Gorlois saw the King's face, gave a great cry, and cowered behind his hands. It was all ended in a moment. The rain washed his gilded harness as he lay with his blood soaking into the heather."

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TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special forecast for to-day is: Light northerly breezes; fair, but cold and raw; fog locally.
Lighting-up time for all vehicles, 4.59.

SEA PASSAGES.

English Channel, North Sea, and Irish Channel, all smooth.

The Daily Mirror.

Friday, Nov. 20, 1903.

324th Day of Year.

41 days to Dec. 31.

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	1903.	Nov.	Dec.
Sun.	22	29	6
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To-Day's News at a Glance.

Court Circular.



Windsor Castle, Nov. 10.

The King and Queen of Italy, after receiving addresses at the Italian Embassy from the Italian colony in London, proceeded to the Guildhall (receiving, on the way, addresses from the Boroughs of Paddington, Marylebone, and Holborn), and were entertained at luncheon by the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress and the Corporation of the City of London, previously having received an address from the City of London.

Their Majesties the King and Queen, and the King and Queen of Italy, were present in the evening at a theatrical performance in the Waterloo Chamber, by Sir Charles Wyndham's company from the New Theatre, Charing Cross.

Messrs. Russell and Son have had the honour of photographing their Majesties the King and Queen of Italy this morning.

Social.

At a special Convocation of Oxford University yesterday the degree of D.C.L. was conferred on the King of Italy.

Prince Soltykoff's condition becomes more grave hourly.

The Duchess of Albany has sent her thanks to the inhabitants of Essex for the congratulatory resolution passed by them on the occasion of her daughter's engagement to Prince Alexander of Teck.

Lord Roberts continues to improve.

Lady Mary Howard yesterday opened a bazaar at Chiswick, arranged in furtherance of the wishes of the late Cardinal Vaughan that the debt on Chiswick Catholic church should be extinguished as soon as possible.

Sir John Blundell Maples's condition was less satisfactory yesterday.

Mr. Penn, M.P., is gradually becoming weaker.

A brilliant naval wedding took place yesterday at Halifax, Nova Scotia, when Gertrude Isabel, daughter of Vice-Admiral Sir Archibald Douglas, was married to Cecil Halestead France-Hayhurst, flag lieutenant on board H.M. cruiser Ariadne.

Home.

The King obtained several prizes in the cattle and sheep classes at the Christmas show at Norwich yesterday.

Lord Selborne, speaking yesterday at a meeting in support of the Oxford House in Bethnal Green, said he thought the Church of England was overbuilding.

A daring burglary was committed late on Wednesday night at the residence of Lady Mary Currie, near Windsor. The thieves have not been captured.—See page 5.

Mr. Henry Seton Merriman, the novelist, died of appendicitis at Melton, near Ipswich, yesterday.—See page 6.

In accordance with an old custom the effects of the late Queen of the Boswell tribe of gipsies, valued at £150, have been burned at Falkirk, N.B.

Several London hospitals are appealing to the public for money, amounting in all to £1,000,000. "Barts" and King's College Hospital ask each for £300,000.

The London School Board adjourned its meeting temporarily yesterday to allow its members to view the return of the Italian royal visitors from the Guildhall.

For refusing to pay the education rate the Rev. Wm. Sharman, retired Primitive Methodist minister, has been sent to prison for seven days at Derby.

The estate of Mr. Lewis A. Tallerman, a director of the Gaiety Theatre, has been sworn at £239,795 7s. 6d.

The Moat Farm, where Miss Holland was murdered, was sold yesterday to Mr. H. Cowley, of Grove Farm, Highworth, Swindon, for £1,350.

An American gentleman has purchased 100 acres of land in Essex, and offered it to the bodied men of Guardians for the able-bodied end of that time they may either purchase it or return it to the owner.

A Cambridge licensed victualler was yesterday fined £100 and his wife £10 for using their house for the purpose of betting.

An etching by James McNeill Whistler, "La Princesse du Pays de la Porcelaine," has been sold for £5,000.

Sharp frosts were reported yesterday, and in inland districts alternating fog and frost prevailed.

The Allan Line Steamship Company has obtained renewal of the Canadian mail contract.

Political.

Speaking at Salisbury yesterday Lord Salisbury said that since Mr. Chamberlain's campaign commenced foreign countries had approached the subject of their commercial relations with ourselves in a much more reasonable spirit than they had done before.

Lord Tweedmouth, speaking at Dumfries yesterday, said that Mr. Chamberlain's proposals were not beaten yet, and would only be beaten by the united action of all free traders.

Mr. Chamberlain leaves Paddington at 11.20 to-day for his Cardiff meeting.

In his book of reprinted speeches on the fiscal question, issued to-day, Mr. Chamberlain suggests that it should be submitted to the nation as a single question without any side issues.—See page 5.

Mr. Alfred Lyttelton yesterday received his first deputation as Colonial Secretary. West African affairs were discussed.

In a reprint of Mr. Asquith's speeches published to-day he says his object is to vindicate our fiscal system, not as an academic dogma, but as a living policy.

Mr. Victor Cavendish says the report that he is contemplating resigning his post as Financial Secretary to the Treasury is untrue.

Foreign.

The official bulletin regarding the condition of the Tsaritsa states that her Majesty is suffering from inflammation of the right middle ear, but that the morbid process is now diminishing.

For reproducing an article published in "Truth," giving the late Professor Mommsen's opinion of the Kaiser, the German police have confiscated the current number of the "Rheinisch Westfaelische Zeitung."

On the ground that he had violated the game laws while out shooting, a warrant for the arrest of ex-President Cleveland has been issued at Portsmouth, Virginia.

La Belle Otero, the well-known Spanish dancer is seriously ill at Brussels.

All the furniture, ornaments, and curios collected at great cost by the late Emile Zola have been stolen by burglars who broke into Madame Zola's villa at Medan.

Dr. Bourne, the new Archbishop of Westminster, expects to be able to leave Rome on his return to London on December 10.

A young man was arrested yesterday at Tokio while trying to present to the Emperor of Japan a petition protesting against any compromise with Russia.

Colonial.

By fifty votes to sixteen, Mr. Seddon's preferential proposals have been adopted by the New Zealand House of Representatives after a sitting lasting twenty-five hours.

During his visit to the Muscat Sultan yesterday Lord Curzon referred to the supremacy of British trade in that region, and to the protection of British subjects in danger.

Sir George S. Clarke, the Governor of Victoria, who is coming home to take part in the War Office Commission, was entertained yesterday at Melbourne by the two Houses of the Victorian Legislature.

Law and Police Courts.

The Marquis of Downshire was yesterday fined £3 and costs at West London Police Court for driving a motor-car at a speed exceeding the regulation limit.

A series of heartless frauds on women-workers was exposed at Newton Sessions yesterday, when two men were sent to prison for seven years' penal servitude, and fifteen months' hard labour respectively, for stealing a barmaid's luggage on the pretence of finding work for her.

For forging two of the King's cheques while a clerk in the office of the Paymaster of the Royal Household, Frances Lanham was committed for trial yesterday at Bow-street.

It was announced yesterday that all the cells in Wandsworth prison were occupied, there being 1,116 inmates.

LONDON'S WELCOME.

King and Queen of Italy at the Guildhall.

QUEEN ELENA'S RECEPTION.

Many Interesting Incidents—King Victor's Speech.

(By an Italian Guest at the Luncheon.)

The King and Queen of Italy came to London yesterday, to meet his Worship the Lord Mayor, and eat historic luncheon at the old Guildhall; they came in a brave dapple of sunshine, and amid what looked so like a public holiday as to be indistinguishable from feasts marked on the calendar in characters of red.

From Paddington and half through London their Majesties passed by serried rows of the vociferous populace. There was cheering and cheering. Then a stop at the Italian Embassy, the staircase lined with scarred and grizzled veterans of the Garibaldian wars. Here came the aged Duke of Cambridge to greet the royal visitors; leading an informal reception of such as wished to pay homage to Italian royalty. Italy in London was represented by a half-dozen of societies. For all a gracious word, and then under triumphal arches and past highways festooned and gay with decoration their Majesties proceeded.

Little knots of mayors, one for every borough on the way, came out of the seething multitudes and welcomed King and Queen. Last of all came the Lord Mayor, Sir Joseph Ritchie, gowned in scarlet and ermine, with heavy chains of office, awaiting the City's guests in the Guildhall.

There followed a last address of welcome, enclosed in a beautifully jewelled casket. The King responded, and luncheon could proceed.

Inside the Banqueting Hall.

The minor guests, the main swarm of guests, for the most part ladies and gentlemen connected with the City Companies, were at their places when the heralds gave the signal. Everybody stood, craning eager necks, intent on the procession that must forthwith emerge from the doorway at the side and make the tour of the great chamber.

They came! Queen Elena, on the Lord Mayor's arm, glides down the room amid applause and followed by a thousand eyes. She is stately in grey silk and diamonds, and wears a hat touched with brown, set off by an aigrette. Her face is Southern. It might be pure Italian; so clear is its pallor; so dark the large eyes under the thick black hair. She holds herself nobly, much like a gracious, smiling statue, on a Lord Mayor's arm.

King Victor Emmanuel escorts the Lady Mayoress, and runs the gauntlet of this room of eyes. Short, a figure that can grip the flank of a horse, thickset, with the torso of an athlete, and the keen bronzed face of a soldier—such is the impression of the moment as the King of Italy goes by.

Royalties at Luncheon.

There are royalties innumerable; the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, whose two daughters look like princesses out of a fairy-tale, and Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark.

At the high table stand three conspicuous chairs with carved backs and velvet upholstery. The King takes one, the Queen another, the Lord Mayor is between them.

Queen Elena sits down. The Prince of Wales, her left-hand neighbour, whispers to her; she rises. Queen Elena has forgotten that in this Protestant country one says grace. And then the luncheon proceeds.

Royalty has its own special attendants; the English in scarlet and gold, while beings even more gorgeous wait on their Italian Majesties.

This luncheon is no empty formality. The people eat. King Victor Emmanuel his appetite sharpened by an arduous morning, makes no pretence at playing with his food. He seems eminently at home here; perfectly at his ease, it is quite unnecessary to "make conversation" with such a neighbour as his Majesty. The Lord and Lady Mayoress—the King sits between them—were probably never better entertained than by this high-spirited monarch. Watching King Victor Emmanuel, one is again impressed by his virility. He might be some strenuous man of affairs, one whose heart and soul are in good work; in a life of wide and sustained utility.

To Queen Elena the whole scene seemed a little strange; as though she had awakened in a far country and must take her time to

grow accustomed to the unexpected cordiality that has surprised her.

It is all so different from home, from the South. The Prince of Wales answers her questions as she inquires into the purpose, age, and significance of this great hall, whose hospitable board and mediæval state seem a strange terminus to a journey so modern as was hers of that morning.

The Prince is in a most excellent humour. It is clear at times that he gives a merry answer. Indeed, he half persuades Queen Elena that she is expected to make a speech some time in the proceedings. "It is the custom of the country," says the Prince; and Queen Elena is prettily distressed till the Lord Mayor reassures her.

The King's Speech.

When King Victor Emmanuel rises to respond to the toast of her health, she throws him a glance of reassurance. It is something new to her to hear his Majesty orate in English.

His clear voice rings out with a strange, foreign accent that gives a new intonation to familiar words. Like the Lord Mayor, he reads a set speech. Still there is no mistaking King Victor Emmanuel's sincerity. Sincerity—that is the keynote of the man.

The King sits down again. The people cheer, but Queen Elena smiles at him, with a little touch of pride in her soft eyes.

It is over. There is a wait in the vestibule before the royal carriages come round. Queen Elena holds a little boy by the hand, presented to her by the Lady Mayoress: a little boy in white, who will remember the beautiful voice, the smile lit by the dark eyes, the caressing fingers that played in his hair, for many a long day. It is cold here waiting. Queen Elena makes the little fellow put on his hat. She arranges it herself.

The carriage is ready. Good-bye to London's Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress. Queen Elena steps into the splendid carriage. The guard presents arms.

One hears a great burst of cheering. Queen Elena and King Victor Emmanuel are driving through the streets of London.

THE KING'S SPEECH AT THE LUNCHEON.

At the Guildhall luncheon the speech-making was quite formal. The Lord Mayor proposed "The Health of their Majesties the King and Queen of Italy."

The King of Italy, speaking in strong, clear tones, responded:—

"My Lord Mayor, I thank you most heartily, also on behalf of the Queen, for your address, which still enhances the value of the splendid hospitality extended to us in this ancient hall, and I also thank their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales as well as the members of the Corporation and the ladies and gentlemen who are honouring us by their presence at this banquet.

"You thus give me the opportunity of expressing our grateful acknowledgment of the cordial reception bestowed upon us by the inhabitants of London, who understand the message of sincere affection of which I am the bearer to your beloved Sovereign and to the people of England. (Cheers.) These are sentiments of old standing between us. You have recalled, my Lord Mayor, the words pronounced in this very place by my august grandfather half a century ago. (Cheers.) Those were times of war, when the Italian nation was entering into her struggle for unity and independence.

"The sympathetic support lent to her by this free people in those days of trial has created a tradition of mutual trust which has never ceased to enliven the relations of the two countries. But we are now living in a fortunate condition of international peace, of which Italy, as well as England, has become a willing and active factor.

"I trust that the two nations will always proceed united in the path of progress and civilisation. With these feelings I raise my glass to you, my Lord Mayor, and to the distinguished representatives of the City of London."

PEOPLE IN THE STREET.

Perhaps the greatest enthusiast at large yesterday was a small child, who, for lack of a bouquet, hurled its woolly lamb after the royal carriage.

Very few Italians were to be seen in the West End. At Hyde Park Corner a feeble old man, evidently in the last stage of consumption, was being led to a point of vantage, while his son explained in voluble Italian that his father had insisted on coming out into the raw morning air to wave a welcome to his beloved House of Savoy.

Between Sussex-gardens and Paddington Station the front line of spectators was formed almost entirely of tiny children—poor little mites dressed in their Sunday best in a loyal attempt to do honour to the pretty Queen. The Queen, with charming grace, acknowledged the greetings of the queer little figures, standing shoulder to shoulder in shabby clothes; between one burly policeman and the next.

AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

Last Night's Performance of
"David Garrick."Brilliant Scene in the Waterloo
Chamber.

After the pleasant fatigues of their London visit, King Victor and Queen Elena dined quietly at Windsor Castle last evening, and afterwards attended the command performance of "David Garrick" by Sir Charles Wyndham's company.

It was not till half-past four that their Majesties reached Windsor, the train being half an hour late. Attended by an escort of the 1st Life Guards, they drove at once to the Castle, amid the hearty plaudits of the spectators. Dinner for the royal party was served in the Oak Room, while the members of the suites occupied the state dining room.

The command performance took place in the historic Waterloo Chamber. That magnificent apartment, with its walls of rich sheeny gold, is hung with priceless portraits of princes, diplomats, and heroes, painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence at the command of the Prince Regent to commemorate the Peace of Paris and the victory of the Allied Powers in 1814.

These dead and gone celebrities, who made history in the most stirring and brilliant period of modern times, could scarcely even in life have taken part in a scene more splendid than that on which their counterfeited resemblances looked down. The gardens of Frogmore had been ransacked for their loveliest palms, flowers, and shrubs to beautify the room and deck the front of the miniature stage. Illuminated by the soft glow of the electric light, the beautiful chamber gave a striking effect of chastened splendour.

The Royal Party.

As the King and Queen, with their royal guests, entered, the National Anthem was played. His Majesty took his seat in a chair of gold and crimson, raised, like the rest of the seats, on a platform almost level with the stage. On his right hand sat the fair young Queen of Italy, on the left Queen Alexandra, the one representing the dark and vivid beauty of the South, the other the milder graces of more northern climes.

The energetic figure and strong, striking features of the young Italian monarch arrested notice as he sat on the English Queen's left. Before the royal party was a piece of furniture recalling memories of Queen Victoria—the table used by the late Queen when other theatrical performances have taken place at Windsor Castle.

Behind their Majesties were seated the members of the Royal Family—a brilliant array. There were the Prince of Wales and his fair Princess, the Princess Louise, with the Duke of Fife, the Princess Victoria, the Princess Charles of Denmark, the Duke of Connaught, Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, Princess Louise (Duchess of Argyll) and the Duke of Argyll, the Duchess of Albany, the Princesses Margaret and Victoria Patricia of Connaught, Princess Alice of Albany, Princess Victoria and Princess Louise Augusta of Schleswig-Holstein, the Duke and Duchess of Teck, and Prince Alexander of Teck.

Two Hundred Guests.
Behind these august personages were the officers of the royal household and members of the suites, and the general guests. It was a gorgeous mélange of lovely dresses, rich uniforms, flashing jewels, sylph-like forms, and beautiful faces—England's noblest and the flower of Italy. There were nearly two hundred persons on the floor of the room, and many more in the gallery. Peers, peeresses, men distinguished in the Army and the professions, dignitaries of the Church, were all represented.

The King had taken the greatest interest in all the preparations for the performance. In selecting "David Garrick" his Majesty probably desired to show his guests a typical English actor in a typical English play. No happier choice could be made. Never has Sir Charles Wyndham been seen to better advantage. The drunken scene in the second act gave him full scope for his dramatic force, and the subdued pathos of the last act came as a fitting contrast.

A Successful Performance.

Miss Mary Moore gave the character of "Ada Ingot" all the girlish grace that befits it. Mr. Sidney Brough, in his part of "Chivy," may possibly have stirred in the King some memory of a similar performance, in 1863, when Mr. Lionel Brough, the actor's father, played the same part to the "David Garrick" of Mr. Sothorn.

The King and Queen of Italy seemed most appreciative.
The dresses were all entirely new, those worn by Miss Mary Moore being designed by Worth, of Paris. Lord Farquhar personally superintended all the duties of production, and the comfort of the actors had been carefully considered. Dressing-rooms had been arranged leading out of the lower galleries of the Castle, and Sir Charles had one in which the flag of Omdurman floated above him, and he could gaze at trophies taken from Serinapatam.

A staff of fifty stage workers was necessary for the quick change from the first to the second scene of the last act, which was accomplished in almost incredible time. The company returned to town by special train in the early hours of this morning.

MRS. CARRIE NATION AGAIN.

She Causes Unprecedented Uproar
in Washington.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

New York, Thursday.
Mrs. Carrie Nation, the notorious American temperance "reformer," whose "arguments" are a hatchet and her own muscular arms, has again been distinguishing herself. She called at the White House to make representations to President Roosevelt and convince him of the sinfulness of drinking wine and of smoking.

Before reaching the President she had to encounter his private secretary, who was adamant. She shook her fist in the urbane secretary's face and caused an uproar, and her parting threat was that she would pray that a prohibitionist would be elected at the next presidential election.

After having been ejected from White House, Mrs. Nation went into the ladies' gallery of the United States Senate and interrupted the proceedings by shouting "Saloons are anarchy."

Mrs. Nation was arrested and fined \$5 in the police court, after payment of which sum she was released.

It is the first time in the history of the United States that a woman has caused such uproar in Washington.

LORD CURZON'S GULF TOUR.

The Sultan of Muscat Decorated by
Order of King Edward.

The Viceroy of India is approaching the Persian Gulf for his political tour of that region. He reached Muscat, on the Arabian coast, on Tuesday morning, landed, and spent the day there. The town was decorated, and the Muscatis, who crowded in from rural districts in thousands, were, Reuter states, friendly in the extreme. The Sultan himself visited his Excellency, who returned the courtesy. Lord Curzon made a suggestive speech, at the British consulate, referring to the protection accorded to British subjects in danger. Sir Arthur Hardinge, British Minister at Teheran, had come to Muscat to consult with the Viceroy.

A grand durbar was held by the Viceroy yesterday in a magnificently decorated pavilion on the quarter-deck of H.M.S. Argonaut. An address to the Viceroy in Arabic from the Sultan was read. In a weighty speech of reply Lord Curzon said he trusted that this first meeting in the waters of Muscat of a ruler of Oman and a representative of the British Sovereign in India would be a landmark in the friendship of the two Governments.

At the conclusion of the durbar, by special command of the King-Emperor, the Sultan was invested by the Viceroy with the insignia of Knight Grand Commander of the Order of the Indian Empire.

THE EMPEROR'S HOPES.

In a magnificently furnished flat in the Rue de Berri, Paris, M. Benoit, the aide-de-camp of the Emperor of Sahara, was reading a newspaper. He is a little man, with bright eyes and a black pointed beard, and looks like an officer in the French Navy, which is exactly what he has been.

"There's been a great deal of rubbish written about the Emperor," said this confidential agent of M. Lebaudy. "He is to found an empire; he is going to the Sahara. You have no notion of the fertility of that region. There are salt mines there—the richest in the world. The Arabs started on them, but have not known how to work them, and we shall get extraordinarily rich results. Numbers of caravans pass close to the site of Troja, and will call at the capital of our Empire."

Then M. Benoit began to talk of "newspaper inventions." "Thrones!" he cried, "standards, decorations—"

"And," said the interviewer, "letter-paper with the crest of the Empire of Sahara?"

"And why not? May not M. Lebaudy write on any letter-paper he prefers? There is a French Republic, why should there not be an Empire of Sahara?"

STRANGE LETTER.

The "Petit Parisien" of yesterday publishes a letter, four columns long, written by the Princess Radziwill, who has come to Europe since her release from imprisonment for having forged Mr. Cecil Rhodes' signature.

In this letter the Princess says—"I loved Cecil Rhodes, and he loved me, and I had no desire for revenge on his memory." The rupture with him was brought about, she says, because she endeavoured to prevent war. In her possession, she adds, there was important correspondence, which was sent to England, notwithstanding extensive spy system. Cecil Rhodes even saw all Lord Milner's correspondence with the Government.

DEATH OF BRITISH OFFICERS.

Reuter's correspondent with the Somaliland expedition states that Captain P. E. Harward, R.E., has died of dysentery at Burao, and that Lieutenant E. D. Luard, of the Royal West Kent Regiment, has succumbed from the same cause at Garrero.

CORNISH CLIFF MYSTERY.

The Lonely Woman Identified as
a Russian Scholar.

A sad story has come to light, which explains the presence of the mysterious lonely woman who for so long was known to be living among the rocks at Land's End. She twice escaped from the Penzance workhouse.

The workhouse doctor had always suspected that a disappointment in love or financial trouble was the cause of her strangeness and desire for solitude.

Mr. Ellis, of the Plymouth Jewish congregation, who interested himself in the case, has received a letter from the woman's father, who lives in Russia. His daughter Jeannie, who is a most respectable and well-educated woman, had been jilted by her sweetheart at Philadelphia, and had broken down.

She is now to be sent back to her father, the Chairman of the Penzance Guardians at the last meeting saying that he was delighted that matters had turned out so well.

NELSON'S OLD FLAGSHIP.

Proposal to Sink the Victory in Deep
Water.

With regard to Nelson's old Victory, whose days apparently seem numbered, it is a great idea to hatch her up as cheaply as possible, with a favourable breeze, tow her out through the Needles by two Government tugs, with saluting guns on board, and as soon as clear of the land set her topmasts, foresail, and headsails, cast off the tugs, and let her sail to the westward, the tugs in company. So soon as out of sight of land let her cross the bar, and in sufficient water, leave her to scuttle her, after hoisting Nelson's (amateur) signal, "England Expects Every Man to Do his Duty," and the white ensign at the peak; let the crew leave the ship in the tugs, and fire a salute as the old Victory sinks into her proper resting-place beneath the waves.

This dramatic suggestion for a fitting end for Nelson's old flagship was made yesterday by a correspondent in the "Morning Post." The writer favours this summary way of disposal, because he fears that English people may "allow a vessel that has fought for her country to end her days driven on a lee shore with some celebrated patent drug advertised in big letters on her side."

Seen, yesterday by a *Daily Mirror* representative, a prominent naval authority ridiculed the scheme, and gave particulars of other projects which have been formulated.

"The daughter of an Admiral," he said, "has made the suggestion that the Victory be brought to London and converted into a museum of Nelson relics, for which the collection in the Painted Chamber at Greenwich would make a good nucleus. Nelson's pigtail, preserved in the Greenwich Museum; his sword, treasured among the archives of the Norwich Corporation, might be included among the objects of interest that could be kept therein, as relics of the greatest fighter in all our naval annals. By bringing the Victory to London a very large number of people would be able to visit the great sailor's monument."

LAST NIGHT'S SPEECHES.

Mr. Asquith and Mr. John Morley were among last night's speakers—the former addressing a meeting at St. Neots, and the latter one at Dumfries. Mr. Asquith said:—

It was a pathetic delusion on the part of the Government that a general election could be delayed two or three years.

The Unionist party was utterly split. Mr. Chamberlain was like the "Mayor of the Palace" in the time of the puppet French Kings. Mr. Balfour reigned, but Mr. Chamberlain governed.

The Liberal Party was now absolutely united on every living issue.

Retaliation was put forward as the sticking-plaster to re-unite the fragments of a shattered party.

Some of Mr. Morley's points were:—

Protectionists proposed to bring down a great clumsy axe on machinery on which depended the welfare of our industrial population.

It was moonshine to say our industries were bleeding to death.

The troubles of the industrial world would be aggravated by this reckless revolution.

THE KING'S CHEQUES.

The manner in which the accounts due by his Majesty the King are settled was told at Bury St. Edmunds yesterday, when Francis Lanham was charged with stealing, forging, and uttering the King's cheques, while a clerk in the office of the Paymaster of the Royal Household. Sir Nigel Kingscote, the Paymaster, and Sir Dighton Probyn, Keeper of the Privy Purse, were both in court.

It was explained that cheques for the amount of the bills were prepared by Lanham, and crossed, and should be stamped by him "Not negotiable." The cheques were then placed before Sir Nigel for his signature and sent by Lanham to the payees. The receipts were kept by Lanham, whose duty it was to acquaint Sir Nigel with the fact of their arrival.

Two cheques for £220 5s., and £179 12s. 6d., made payable to a Windsor tailor and a King's Lynn corn merchant respectively, were, it is alleged, endorsed by Lanham and converted to his own use. Sir Nigel had not noticed that they were not stamped "Not negotiable."

Lanham was committed for trial.

SHORT FOREIGN TELEGRAMS.

A BREAK-NECK RACE.

A novel kind of race has been organised for Sunday next in Paris. Some fifteen athletes of both sexes will start from the Great Wheel of the Avenue Suffren, race to the Eiffel Tower, up the winding metal stairs to the first platform, down to earth, and back to the Great Wheel again. There are 700 steps to climb.

"SEALED" ORDERS FOR AN AIRSHIP.

The "Jaune," M. Pierre Lebaudy's airship, is ready for another journey, and either this afternoon or Saturday will start for Moisson again. Before it leaves it will circle the Eiffel Tower two or three times. This time the great vessel is to sail with sealed orders, which will be handed to the pilot, Juchmes, by M. Lebaudy as the "Jaune" goes up.

THE GRIEF THAT KILLS.

Three months ago a woman at Grammont, Belgium, threw herself from a window in her excess of madness. Since her death the husband has shown signs of aberration, and yesterday morning he was seen to mount the parapet of a bridge crossing the Dender. "Here is a man about to die," he exclaimed, and threw himself into the river.

STRICKEN MOTHER.

A pathetic story comes from Zurich. A woman, carrying a child, walked into a shop, and asked for a bonnet for the infant. While trying it on the assistant noticed the child's face was cold. "Madame, your child is dead," she exclaimed, drawing back in horror. "I know it," replied the woman, breaking into a hysterical laugh, "but why should he not look nice in death?"

It was the lady's only child, and her mind had been unbinged by grief at losing it.

AN EMBASSY IN QUARANTINE.

The new Convention concluded between Panama and the United States for the construction of the Panama Canal awards absolute sovereignty to the United States over the Canal strip of territory. The Treaty will probably be finally ratified to-morrow. Meanwhile it is amusing to hear that the special Embassy of three persons who left Colombia to make undesirable representations at Washington has been detained "in quarantine" at Galveston (Texas) since Sunday.

"STREET" CORSETS AND OTHERS.

The Vienna Palace of Justice was turned into a modiste's trying-on room yesterday. Baroness Hammerstein (Frau Annie Dirksen), the well-known Austrian actress, refused to pay for dresses on the ground that they did not fit. During the hearing of the case the actress dressed and re-dressed three times, and ultimately the sitting had to be adjourned for two hours for a proper corset to be supplied, the dress expert called in considering that a "street" corset did not allow a sufficient test.

LITTLE PRINCESS'S FUNERAL.

The body of the late Princess Elizabeth of Hesse, brought by special train from Skiernewice to Darmstadt, was interred yesterday afternoon. Following the coffin, which was covered with flowers, and was borne on a white hearse, there walked in procession several royal mourners and the representatives of other royal and princely personages. Thousands of spectators had assembled to witness the cortege as it proceeded to the Mausoleum—their silence was most impressive. Many wreaths were laid by the mourners on the tomb.

SINGULAR DISCOVERY.

The public executioner of the island of Manila has a peculiarly his own. He recently disposed of four men convicted of murder by garroting them, and, as is the custom, after the execution placed the bodies in the church in order that their relatives might claim them for burial. Some members of the constabulary who visited the church at sunset (Laffan's correspondent says) were startled to find three of the criminals alive. One of them eventually died; the other two recovered and have been restored to their relatives.

CATERPILLARS STOP A TRAIN.

The abundance of good food has resulted in a plague of caterpillars in New South Wales. The mail train from the Southern States to Sydney was yesterday an hour late, the sole cause of the delay being the myriads of caterpillars that swarmed on the line at one spot. The wheels of the train became clogged with the mass of bodies and the train came to a standstill. Only after much trouble could it be restarted, with the aid of an improvised cow-catcher, which swept the creatures off the track.

MONSTER RUSSIAN TRIAL.

The trial which commenced yesterday at Kishineff, in Russia, of one hundred persons accused in connection with the great massacre of Jews last April, is on a gigantic scale. Several thousand witnesses gave evidence at the preliminary investigation. During the massacre 1,350 warehouses and private residences were wrecked or damaged; 640 wounded civilians numbered 500; sixty-eight police were injured. The accused persons, arrested for complicity in the riots were 964, of whom 269 have been acquitted. The prisoners now on trial include thirty-six Christians and one Persian. Reporters are excluded from the trial.

TOO BIG FOR HIS YEARS.

Boy Aged Six Who Weighs Ten Stone and Can Lift an Adult.

THE "FAT BOY" ECLIPSED.

The London School Board have at last found a child with whom they are absolutely unable to deal.

He is too fat and large.

The famous fat boy of Dickens's creation must for ever hide his diminished head and body, for at Peckham—the place of so many shocks—has been discovered a really bonny boy who leaves all competitors far behind.

The history of the fattest boy seems to have been wrapped in as much mystery as could find its way round him until his full description, style, and title turn up unexpectedly, in the fulness and plainness of print, in the report of Dr. Thomas, who examined him on behalf of the School Attendance Committee.

Here are some of the boy's "points":—

He weighs ten stone, but is only six years of age; he can easily lift an ordinary adult, being muscularly developed in proportion to his abnormal size; mentally he is in some ways precocious; he is quite educable; he sleeps until mid-day, when he is dressed and taken to the corner beer-house, where he earns his dinner by acting as a living advertisement.

"Owing to his size and habits," says Dr. Thomas, from whose report the foregoing particulars are faithfully extracted, "I do not think it is possible to place him in any school; it is obvious he cannot attend an ordinary 'infants' department; not only would his extraordinary appearance create disturbance, but no desk would hold him, and his enormous strength would be dangerous to the other children."

There is a paradoxical ring about Dr. Thomas's final sentence. "If taken to a physically defective centre, he would take up the room of three or four children in the ambulance, even if he could be roused and dressed in time, which, from the history of the case, I should think improbable."

Most people will think so too, since the chubby fellow sleeps till mid-day. The mention of the "physically defective centre" as a place for a boy numberless times larger than he ought to be is quite preposterous!

Meanwhile the best plan would obviously be to build him a special school all to himself. But who would dare to teach him?

One thing is certain. If taken before the Physical Deterioration Committee it will take much weighty evidence to prove that we are becoming a puny race.

"JUSTIFIABLE SUICIDE."

The Last Terrible Resort of an Orphan Girl.

A Lancashire coroner's court heard yesterday one of the most pathetic stories imaginable of the stress of life which sometimes confronts the industrial population. A girl, fourteen years of age, an orphan, who lived in the village of Oswaldtwistle, was earning her livelihood in one of the cotton mills at Accrington. But to her orphan state there came other, and perhaps, at her age, more terrible deprivation. She lost the sight of one eye, and the sight of the other became defective. She was discharged from the mill. Straightway she went in her despair and drowned herself.

The coroner's comment to the jury, who found the usual verdict of suicide during temporary insanity, was that if any circumstances ever justified suicide these did, as the child had no prospect of ever earning her living.

"STANLEY," THE FIREMEN'S DOG.

Military regiments are not singular in their custom of keeping pets. The London Fire Brigade has a fine St. Bernard known as "Stanley," which makes its permanent home in the headquarters of the brigade at Southwark, and he has just had an adventure.

"Stanley's" chief delight is to follow the fire engines through the streets to a fire, and he seldom arrives late. He ran all the way to the Woolwich Theatre fire on Wednesday morning, a distance of about eight miles. He covered them thoroughly puffed, and being hardly returned, the fire engines were about to return against his will, on the engine, and drove off. "Stanley" scorned such lurching, he meant to run as usual, and at a temporary pull-up he was jumped. But he lost his way in the hours later, and was wandering when, some in a friendly way took him into custody and sent him home.

WRITERS OF UNSIGNED LETTERS.

"Anonymous" correspondence is my abomination," said Mr. Justice Bucknill in the Divorce Division yesterday.

This emphatic remark was called forth by the question put to a witness by Mr. Marshall on a post card just received. After a case perished counsel added, the post often brought extraordinary information from unknown people.

"Yes," said his lordship, "but if anyone wrote me an anonymous letter I know where it would go—into the waste-paper basket."

WINDSOR BURGLARY.

Lady Mary Currie's Clewer Hill Seat Broken Into.

It may have been a coincidence, but it was far more likely to have been the result of careful calculation, that burglars chose Wednesday night, when there was so much in progress at the Castle to engage the thoughts of people in the neighbourhood of Windsor, for a descent upon Clewer Hill House, the residence of Lady Mary Currie.

The house has been called "an ideal place for a burglary," standing as it does at some distance from any other houses, and being well concealed amidst dense shrubbery, a hundred yards from the road.

On Wednesday night Lady Mary Currie and her niece, Mrs. Hornby (who has lately married Mr. Hornby, son of the Provost of Eton College), and others, sat down to dinner. Mrs. Hornby had in the house many of her wedding presents. Nothing suspicious happened to the knowledge of the household all through the evening, or was observed until after dinner, when Mrs. Hornby sought her own room.

The door was locked against her, and had to be burst open. It was at once clear that burglars had been at work. Some wedding presents, a despatch box containing jewellery, and a purse with notes and gold were missing.

The police were informed, but so far without result.

Lady Mary Currie told our representative that the loss had been trifling compared with the exaggerations of the first accounts of the burglary.

The burglary was effected in a manner that recalls the experience of Oliver Twist. With the aid of a ladder, which had been taken from Bell Farm, a quarter of a mile away, the thieves had climbed to the top of the library window and had then squeezed through a tiny window above, right into Mrs. Hornby's room.

DRESSES ON CREDIT.

Is a Married Woman Liable for Her Bills?

Under what circumstances can a married lady pledge her husband's credit at the dressmaker's? An interesting case concerning this point was decided in the Court of Appeal yesterday on an appeal by Mrs. Stanley Rowe against a judgment of Mr. Justice Darling.

Mrs. Rowe's husband was in business in the City, and had an income of £5,000 or £6,000 a year. During two years, from 1900 to 1902, she ordered goods of the value of £1,600 from Kate Reilly, Limited, the Dover-street dressmakers. Part of the bill was paid, but Mr. Rowe quitted England some time ago, leaving Mrs. Rowe penniless, with five children to provide for. He is being brought under an extradition warrant from Canada.

The contention of the firm, which was upheld at the trial by Mr. Justice Darling's Court, is that the goods were supplied on Mrs. Rowe's order and she is responsible. She, on the other hand, says she acted as her husband's agent, and had his full authority to pledge his credit; the husband had expressed his desire that Mrs. Rowe should be well dressed.

Mrs. Rowe, it appeared, ordered over £143 worth of things in one month, the last including forty-nine handkerchiefs, value £21. One lace handkerchief cost four guineas.

The court decided that Mrs. Rowe acted as her husband's agent and not as principal, and, reversing Mr. Justice Darling's order, gave judgment for her.

BULLETS AT MIDNIGHT.

Within the last twelve days three mysterious midnight shooting outrages have occurred in the district between Saffron Walden and Cambridge. The most recent was at Shelford, where a revolver bullet was fired through the windows of a house of an agricultural labourer named John Stern, after he had retired for the night. It is alleged that two cyclists, the one on a bicycle and the other in an attached trailer, were seen riding off soon afterwards.

The police are now patrolling the local roads nightly in a motor car and on bicycles, and these who go out at night carry arms. The previous shooting cases occurred on the night of November 7, when a Stapleford farmer was shot in the hand, and on November 10, when a brewer's traveller was fired at.

Movements of the Court.

Second royal shooting party in Windsor Forest.

General.

Mr. Chamberlain at Cardiff.

National Cycle and Motor-car Show at the Crystal Palace.

Stanley Show, Royal Agricultural Hall, N. (nine days).

Irish Industries Exhibition at Windsor.

Theatres.

Apollo, "The Girl from Kay's," 8.

Criterion, "Billy's Little Love Affair," 9.

Daly's, "A Country Girl," 8.

Drury Lane, "The Flood Tide," 8.

Duke of York's, "Letty," 8.

Gaiety, "The Orchid," 8.

TWO CAMPAIGN POINTS.

Mr. Chamberlain Asks for "a Referendum" and £100,000.

A fresh and novel step is taken to-day by Mr. Chamberlain in the prosecution of his campaign for fiscal reform. He issues, at the price of a shilling, through Mr. Grant Richards, a book which, besides containing reprints of his ten speeches, has in it also a remarkable suggestion. It is nothing less than that the fiscal problem should be submitted to the nation as a single question, unmixed with others of a political character—that there should, in fact, be a referendum on the Swiss constitutional model to decide for or against the reform of our fiscal system.

"If," he writes, "in the case of a new policy, not necessarily political, it were possible to eliminate all side issues, we might have a national verdict which all sections would accept, and which would be given without reference to the perennial struggle between the 'outs' and 'ins' which is at present the chief occupation of political life."

An Appeal for £100,000.

The second most interesting fiscal item is the publication of a statement signed by the Duke of Sutherland and by Mr. Chamberlain, in which subscriptions are invited for the purpose of carrying on the work of the Tariff Reform League. "Mr. Cobden," this statement says, "was supplied with £400,000 to pursue the campaign, which resulted in our present fiscal system. The Tariff Reform League hopes to find at least 1,000 sympathisers, each of whom will contribute £100 in four equal annual sums of £25. Subscriptions received so far range in amount from £1 to £1,000. No. 7, Victoria-street, S.W., is the place where subscriptions are sure of a welcome."

WORLD'S BEAUTY SHOW.

English Men and Women to be Judged by New York.

Five fair women and eleven stalwart men competed in the much-discussed beauty show at Leeds last night.

This, be it understood, is the "semi-final" in the competition organised by physical culture and health societies in different parts of the kingdom. The preliminary competitions have taken place at local centres, and the final, for prizes of £200 for the most perfectly developed man and the most beautiful woman, respectively, is to be held in Madison-square Gardens, New York, about Christmastide. This last court of appeal is an international tribunal. England's beauties will meet representatives of the rest of the world.

The judgment of New York will not, like the judgment of Paris, rest with an individual. The apple will be awarded in true republican fashion, by popular vote. Admission to the Gardens will be by ticket, and each ticket-holder has two coupons, with which he casts his vote for the Venus and the Apollo of his choice.

The winners in the Leeds show last night have a free passage to New York, and all their hotel expenses will be paid. Of the men who entered two came from Scotland, three from the West-Riding of Yorkshire, and one each from South Shields, Bristol, Swansea, and Birmingham.

Miss Annie Oxley was the winner in the Liverpool, Leicester, and Birmingham ladies' section, Miss Perkins being second, and Miss Richardson third. The successful male competitor was W. E. Clements, of Leicester.

WAITING TILL CALLED FOR.

The neighbourhood of the South Fulham police station is now enlivened by the daily appearance of seven valuable little dogs taking exercise on a leash in the charge of a police constable.

They are the unclaimed remainder of twelve dogs found on the premises of a butcher living at Allestree-road, Fulham, now on remand for stealing and receiving dogs, parrots, bicycles, and other property.

They are not "strays," therefore they cannot be sent on to the Dog's Home at Battersea, to be disposed of in the usual way. They are unclaimed stolen property of considerable value—one is valued at £10, another at £5—and as such they must be kept by the police till called for.

SHORT HOME TELEGRAMS.

LADY FOOTBALL SECRETARY.

Quite near the parish of Dunkerton, Bath, which has its lady churchwarden, lies Southstoke, where the village Association football club has for its secretary a lady, Mrs. Bagnall O'Canan, of the Hall, Southstoke.

REQUESTS TO LADY ELY.

Margaret Emma, Marchioness of Ely, benefits by the will of her mother, Mrs. Sarah Clark, of Princes Risborough, Bucks. Lady Ely receives Mrs. Clark's household effects, the Greenfield estate is settled on her for life, and the Fooks Cray estate and the residue of the testatrix's property are left in trust for Lady Ely and Mrs. Clark's other children.

DESTROYER AND TRAWLER COLLIDE.

During the evolutions of the Devonport torpedo-boat destroyer flotilla off Start Point at midnight on Wednesday, the trawler Dove, of Brixham, collided with the destroyer Falcon. Able seaman G. B. Beard was killed, and two other members of the destroyer's crew were seriously injured. Splendid discipline prevailed on the destroyer, which had her steel plates ripped and bent.

AN OPERATIC BAZAAR.

The well-known opera "Florodora" has been pressed into the service of the Dominican Church of St. Benet at Sunderland. The hall in which the bazaar is being held is made to represent the island of Florodora, and the stall holders and their assistants wear costumes fitting the characters of the opera. Mr. Leslie Stuart, who has opened the bazaar, said that clerical prejudice against the theatre was fast dying out, and it was now recognised that the theatrical profession assisted charitable objects very generously.

WOMAN'S NEWEST ROLE.

With newspapers, clubs, and games all to themselves, women are now to be represented among the inventors. At the International Exhibition which Lady Louise Loefer will open at Brighton Aquarium on November 25 women are to have a section in which they may exhibit their "witty inventions." It is pleasing to learn that their ingenuity, as represented by applications for exhibition space, has been largely expended upon articles for domestic use. There are three times more exhibitors than the space allotted to them will take. Medals and diplomas are to be awarded.

THE MOAT FARM SOLD.

The highest bid made for the notorious Moat Farm, Clavering, where Miss Holland was murdered, when put up to auction yesterday in London, was £1,380, at which figure the property was withdrawn, the auctioneer intimating that he had already had a private offer for the property at that figure. The name of the buyer was therefore not made public at the auction. Douglas's estate, acquired by Miss Holland's death, was, according to his will, left, as to his residuary property, to his widow and three sons, who refused after his execution to take out letters of administration.

WOMAN INSURES HER LODGERS.

A woman in Blackburn, Lancashire, was declared in court yesterday to be the holder of forty insurance policies on the lives of people, some of whom she had never seen. She paid 55s. a week in premiums, and insured the lives of all her lodgers. In another Lancashire court a man was recently convicted of insuring the lives of men and women who were total strangers to him. He was found out when he tried to draw club money on a life which had not expired. By a Georgian Act it is illegal for a third party to insure a life unless the existence of an "insurable interest" is proved.

THE WORLD'S BIGGEST SHIP.

The greatest ship at present in existence is to be launched at Belfast to-morrow from Messrs. Harland and Wolff's yard. So rapidly do these huge vessels succeed one another it is not safe to say that the Baltic, which is the latest, will retain its proud position for very long. It is an enormous boat, with a length of 634 feet and a displacement of 39,800 tons. Three times previously has the same firm launched vessels which at the time of their respective appearances were entitled to the credit of being records in size. These were the Oceanic, Celtic, and Cedric—the last named launched only last year.

CONSOLS HARD TO SELL.

Kaffir prices gave way yesterday on the Stock Exchange in spite of all the optimistic cablegrams. Other mining sections, too, were not so good.

They could not even keep Consols up. In the market difficulties of some weeks ago, a big stock of Consols was taken over by the banks, and some others from a speculator in a middle at the price of 85. The banks have been trying to sell ever since on any favourable opportunity, and yesterday they got a block of the stock out on the hands of the astonished dealers at something over 80. To see the way in which Consols were dropped afterwards in the market was a sight to behold. Yet the news was not bad. The bankers in Lombard-street told their callers that the money prospects were very good indeed. Some of them said that the Bank return was excellent, as indeed it was, moreover, the Bank of England did not put up the Bank rate; nobody expected it.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of the day was that American Rails were kept on the move. It is just as was forecasted in the *Daily Mirror* some days ago. The screw is being put on apparently by the finance houses, which wish to unload shares on the public. But labour news and commercial prospects look very bad in the United States.

Two striking features in the Miscellaneous groups were decided buying of Russian oil and Nitrate descriptions. The latter is due to the numerous good reports by the various companies, and the former to the high oil prices ruling.

To-Day's Arrangements.

Movements of the Court.

Second royal shooting party in Windsor Forest.

General.

Mr. Chamberlain at Cardiff.

National Cycle and Motor-car Show at the Crystal Palace.

Stanley Show, Royal Agricultural Hall, N. (nine days).

Irish Industries Exhibition at Windsor.

Theatres.

Apollo, "The Girl from Kay's," 8.

Criterion, "Billy's Little Love Affair," 9.

Daly's, "A Country Girl," 8.

Drury Lane, "The Flood Tide," 8.

Duke of York's, "Letty," 8.

Gaiety, "The Orchid," 8.

Garrick, "The Golden Silence," 8.

Haymarket, "Cousin Kate," 9.

His Majesty's, "King Richard II.," 8.15.

Imperial, "Monsieur Beaucaire," 8.30.

Lyric, "The Duchess of Dantzic," 8.

New Theatre, "Mr. Goring's Necklace," 8.55.

Prince of Wales's, "The School Girl," 8.

Queen's (Small) Hall, "The Follies," 3.15.

Royal Court, "The Tempest," 2.30 and 8.30.

Royalty, "Die Zwillingsschwester," 2.15 and 8.15.

Shaftesbury, "In Dahomey," 8.15.

St. James's, "The Cardinal," 8.30.

Strand, "A Chinese Honey-moon," 8.

Terry's, "My Lady Molly," 8.15.

Vaudeville, "Quality Street," 8.30.

Wyndham's, "Little Mary," 9.

* Matinees are on the day of performance indicated by an asterisk.

Death of "Henry Seton Merriman."

AN APPRECIATION OF HIS WORK.

HERE passed away yesterday, after a short illness from that most mysterious of modern maladies, appendicitis, one of the greatest novelists—if greatness be counted by popularity—of our day.

"Henry Seton Merriman's" name was known to countless English-speaking folk all over the world, and yet no writer of books ever so managed to conceal his personality and peculiarities from an immense public of readers.

How few, even among literary folk, were aware that the author of "The Sowers," "With Edged Tools," and "The Vultures," to quote his three most popular stories, was really called Hugh Stowell Scott? He belonged to no *coterie*, the Logroller knew him not, and the interviewer even of the American persuasion he managed ever to keep at bay.

His Beginnings.

In the very meagre account of himself, which he permitted to appear in "Who's Who," "Henry Seton Merriman" allowed it to be thought that his first book was "From One Generation to Another." It is a matter of fact, he had written three novels, none of them successful, before this story appeared, and it was characteristic of the man that not even his own family were aware of his dual identity. Even his nearest and dearest ignored the fact that they were daily entertaining a novelist unaware!

Ever a Rover.

The author of "In Kedar's Tents" was ever a rover. He loved the romance of the older methods of travel, he delighted in penetrating little-known civilisations; hence his interest in Russia and things Russian. What he had seen he could describe with extraordinary vividness. Witness his wonderful account, in the first chapters of "The Sowers," of the country lying on the banks of the Volga, and of that river itself—immense, stupendous, a great power, an influence two thousand four hundred miles long.

Against some such background he delighted to place his cynical, grim men, and beautiful, often unscrupulous, women.

London he had a morbid horror, and though he loved the peaceful English countryside he never settled down for long in any one place. Roaming was to him the breath of life, and his love of travel served him well in all his stories, never more so than in his Napoleonic study, "Barlasch of the Guard."

A Pen Portrait.

"Henry Seton Merriman" had a striking, original personality. Tall, thin, and lithe, he looked the ideal wrestler and athlete. His hair was brushed off his forehead and rose from his head in a fashion which to one picturesque-tongued friend suggested a boot-brush! He had kindly, rather sad, and yet rather humorous, dark eyes, a mouth fierce and strong, suggestive of his curious reserve and morbid horror of publicity. His talk, when at ease with a few friends, was like his books—terse and epigrammatic. He had a nervous horror and impatience of modern womanhood. He disliked, and said so loudly, the "Woman's Rights" movement.

The New Woman and the Press.

Next to the New Woman, this man who owed so much to women readers, for women rather than men love his books, hated by the Press.

Even in his last book he throws a savage gibe at the harmless newspaper folk, to whom, after all, he also owed not a little of his popularity, for no modern novelist was better treated by the critics. This cynical view of two of the greatest modern forces of our time—Women and the Press—was not calculated to make even a successful man happy, and Mr. Scott, as he was of course called in private life, never looked particularly in love with life.

A Touch of Bohemia.

There was, however, about him a touch of that delightful child of nature, the literary bohemian, as witness the following true story: At one time Henry Seton Merriman was living in a country, within easy reach of town, but at the top of a formidable hill. To a friend who found his way to this eagle's nest with the help of a bicycle, the novelist extended the following racy welcome:—

"Every man who bicycles up my hill is rewarded at the top with a bottle of champagne!" and, though the truthful friend had to confess that he had pushed his bike, not ridden it, up the steep incline, the bottle was opened all the same.

A Slow Worker.

As his readers are only too well aware, the popular author was a slow and careful writer. In fifteen years he only produced some ten novels, and when working at such a story as "Barlasch of the Guard," he worked as hard as if about to pass a stiff historical examination in the period described by him. Of ambition, in the vulgar sense, he apparently had none. Though often urged to do so, he never sought the golden success of the stage, and he had no wish to enjoy the legitimate applause of his own literary brethren. He seems to have had but one really intimate friend among his contemporary writers—this was Mr. Stanley Weyman, who is, as we all know, almost as retiring and averse from

being talked of or written about as was poor H. S. Merriman himself.

The novelist's death will be a matter of sincere regret to a large circle of friends, whom he and his wife (née Miss Hall) delighted to entertain in their country home.

His Readers.

This is too early to give any estimate of the permanent worth of the novelist's work. His readers, as I have said, seem rather to be found among women than men. His methods of telling a story were essentially virile, and as such, appealed to the weaker sex. His love of epigrammatic asides irritated many critics, and of late this habit of private soliloquy had grown upon him. As an American tersely put it, Merriman seemed to be always saying to his readers, "Ain't I just damned clever?" and women readers were more willing to assent to this proposition than were his masculine admirers.

FROM MANY PAPERS.

WOMEN WORKERS.

The present greater facility for utilising women in work heretofore regarded as more suitable for men seems to be not a sign of progress, but rather of retrogression to that barbaric state where the painted brave strutted idly about while the squaw chopped the wood, dressed the hides, and built the wigwams. —*Boston Globe.*

THE FRENCH MOTHER.

When a French mother has grown-up daughters to look after she often has a hard time of it. Les convenances do not permit of girls going about alone or even together; she must, therefore, either condemn them to a dull existence, or be continually sacrificing herself to their desire for amusement. —*"Hearth and Home."*

OUR ONLY BACHELOR DUKE.

It will be some time before another American duchess can be enrolled in the British peerage, as the only remaining bachelor duke is his Grace of Leinster, who is a boy of sixteen years of age. American heiresses will, therefore, have to be content



HERE is perhaps nothing more surprising in our present-day manners than the way in which the physical culture craze has swept all before it in Anglo-Saxon countries.

For if the movement was born of Scandinavian brains, it is in America and in England that it has attained gigantic proportions and has seized the imagination, particularly of the so-called weaker sex.

It would seem, indeed, as if the weaker sex were determined to be no longer feeble, and to this end it is at present indulging in a perfect saturnalia of hygienic exercises, which are said to be specifics for the training of the muscles. Everyone you meet has got a pet antic, a strange and weird contortion on which she pins her faith.

Some maintain that to lie on the floor and kick slowly in mid-air is the one and only panacea for all evils, from a disorganised liver to a too redundant shape, and it is even whispered that the fashionable doctors are recommending stout dowagers to perform this somewhat difficult feat two or three times a day. Others declare that healthy youth, and beauty depend entirely on the number of times you can succeed in slapping your hands behind your back while you breathe rapidly.

There is a large and enthusiastic contingent which aver that nodding the head like a Chinese mandarin has some wonderful and beautifying effect on the face and neck, and there is a still larger number of believers who think that the secret of eternal youth and vigour is to be found in standing erect and twitching the muscles of the body in curious and uncanny ways.

In country-house parties this craze is rampant just now among womenfolk. Mid-Victorian novels inform us that the ladies employed the hours from eleven to twelve o'clock at night in brushing their long and glossy hair (this was before the present era of "transformations") and indulging in mild gossip.

Nowadays if some profane Aetion could catch a glimpse of Lady Diana in her dressing-room he would see her, in company of a row of stalwart damsels and matrons, performing the new rites of the religion of physical culture. The thing is approached with the utmost gravity, and no one ever questions the

with less lofty members of our aristocracy for some years to come. —*"Men and Women."*

THE KING'S INFLUENCE.

King Edward has effected many admirable changes and introduced many reforms, not only at his Court, but likewise in connection with the domestic and foreign policy of his Government. That he takes a far larger share in the latter than did his mother cannot for one moment be denied. He gives it a much more personal note, impresses it with his views and his wishes, and with all that leaves even his closest friends in the dark as to his preferences for either of the great Parliamentary parties. —*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

LONDON IS MORE CHEERFUL.

We have invented the art of dining where our fathers only understood gourmandising; we have invented wining, where they only understood drunkenness. We have dissipated dulness by confining it within home limits, while we invented the modern hotel and restaurant, and gave them the Parisian touch of music and gaiety. The consequence is that dining-out is a pleasure, while dining-in is a commonplace necessity. Is London gay? In one sense, not more so than ever, but in a hundred ways which make for harmless gaiety and enjoyment it is undoubtedly gay. —*Free Lance.*

THE "DUMPING" OF DOWRIES.

The "New York World" has printed a table showing that the fortunes which have been "dumped" on our shores with the American brides we have imported amount roughly to 208,000,000 dollars (£41,600,000). If all "dumping" be, wrong, only think, if you can,

What the Yankee progenitor collars When he "dumps" on our shores, by his far-sighted plan

All these brides with their millions of dollars!

Where's the chance of our lasses if imported ones

Are like this on our markets projected? How can English girls hope to get noblemen's sons

Unless they are duly "protected"? —*"Truth."*

MOTORING ON SUNDAYS.

Many a heated discussion has revolved round the subject of whether it is right or wrong to drive to Church on Sundays. The Rev. R. J. Campbell, the pastor of the City Temple, has set the example by providing himself with a car with which to drive between his home at Enfield and Holborn on Sundays. —*"Gentleman."*

The Physical Culture Craze.

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

wisdom of all these quaint bodily gymnastics, these twitchings, and stretchings, and contortions.

There was a time, one hears, when beauty, birth, or talent were necessary before a rapid social success could be hoped for. But all these go for naught when compared with an expert knowledge of the new muscular athletics. The young person who can stand on her head and breathe rapidly thirty times through her nose is certain of a success fow.

This new accomplishment is beating proficiency at Bridge hollow. The expert card-player is not always popular among her feminine fellow-players, seeing that she usually goes to bed with an undue amount of their money in her gold chain bag, but the physical culture woman is looked upon not only with awe and admiration but as a sort of saviour of society.

To be convincing the exercises must have originated in Finland, Denmark, or Poland. They must bear, like the successful pianist or fiddler, some outlandish name to make them acceptable on British shores. I do not think a home-manufactured contortion would have the slightest chance of becoming the mode. London is thronged with professors of physical culture, rubbers, and teachers of muscle-twitching, who are rapidly winning fortunes on this hospitable island. As to America, the vogue of this thing is fantastic and fabulous, and it is a wonder that Finland and Denmark are not denuded of their populations to supply the demand for physical-culture experts in New York and Chicago alone.

It is obvious that some of these gymnastics are excellent and admirable, but is not our zeal, just at first, a little out-running our discretion? The sick and the well, the young and the old, are alike fanatics of the new rites.

Standing on your head and breathing rapidly may be all very well for persons of a certain constitution, but is it to be recommended for one's grandmother, and should these matrons be encouraged to wrench muscles incessantly which have never been moved before?

It is a question for the doctors to decide, but at present the medical profession smiles, but remains inarticulate.

LETTERS FROM AMERICA.

No. 3.—THE DIFFICULTIES OF TRAVEL.

By H. W. LUCY ("Toby, M.P." of "Punch.")

A PROBLEM of daily life that persistently presses on the New Yorker is how to get from the top end of Broadway to the lower.

Broadway—so called because it is the narrowest of the thoroughfares that interline the city north and south—straggles the full length of Manhattan from N.W.W. to S.E. Giving access to the residential quarter up town, it is the principal artery through which the business life of the city throbs. "Twice a day the Severn fills." All day long is Broadway full, with surging crowds between half-past eight and nine in the morning, and from four to six in the afternoon.

These are what the New Yorkers, with direct picturesqueness of language inherited from Indian predecessors, call "rush hours." The difficulty, intensified in Broadway, is felt in degree on 3rd, 4th, 6th, 7th, and Madison-avenues, up and down which the tide of humanity flows and ebbs.

The Daily Tide.

We in London have our congested city districts, with recurrent blocks at particular hours of the day. But the area of locomotion is not confined to parallel lines converging on points beyond which is a river leading to the sea. The contour of Manhattan Island, on which New York is built, is curiously like the Roman numeral V, which with undesignated appropriateness figures on the back of the nickel.

If the British reader will draw the figure, imagine the broadest space full of people who at certain periods of the day want to get down to the pointed end, returning en masse at a later hour, he will gain a rough but pretty accurate idea of the traffic problem the authorities of New York have to face.

To begin with, it was met by the ancient omnibuses. Then came the street cars drawn by horses, supplemented by the hideous, but necessary, elevated railroads. These to-day are both worked by electricity and struggle gamely with the Herculean task allotted to them. Municipal law does not limit the passengers trains and trams may carry.

The consequence is that, morning and evening, the road cars and the overhead railways are as closely packed with humanity as are sardines in a box. The procession is interminable, a fact borne in upon those who dwell on the route of either system. Hundreds of thousands of citizens have the railroad cars passing on the level of their first-floor rooms, with the electric cars thundering along incessantly past their dining-rooms.

How they exist in the pandemonium, which in some districts continues through the living night, is a marvel to one accustomed to the comparative quietude of Piccadilly in mid-season, or the Strand when the theatres are emptying. Patriotic New Yorkers say they like it, heroically "guessing" that if the whirlwind stayed by day or night they could neither work nor sleep.

In respect of local locomotion a new and brighter day is dawning for New York. We in London have our Twopenny Tube, and, after conservative habit, dubious at first, have learned to like it, even to the point of overcrowding.

But in the mighty metropolis the Tube is a mere filament, running a trifling distance East and West. New York is at this moment being bored underground in every direction. When the new Underground Railway is opened, there is no populous district that will not be connected with the system. Citizens, on expenditure of a coin equal in value to 2d., will be able comfortably, punctually, and expeditiously to traverse the subterranean area of New York.

A Railway Twice Blessed.

A committee of the Royal Commission appointed to consider the question of London street traffic, some weeks hence, in inquiring how the business was conducted in New York, with special reference to the new Underground Railway. In due time, with that celerity that marks the movements of Royal Commissions, the report of this body of experts, will be in the hands of the public. Meanwhile, favoured by the courtesy of the authorities, I am able to convey some impressions resulting from a private view of the great enterprise.

Like the Twopenny Tube, the New York Underground Railway is the outcome of private enterprise. Unlike London, the municipality of New York, seeing its opportunity, associated itself with the undertaking, and won in course of time a most splendid reward. Not taking into account equipment, the construction of the lines will cost ten millions sterling. The City of New York pledging its credit, this amount was raised on easy terms, the bonds now standing in the market at a considerable premium. For fifty years the company will run the lines on lease from the Corporation. At the end of that period the property will become the absolute possession of the Corporation, to be administered in relief of the rates. Thus, like the quality of mercy, the New York Underground Railway is twice blessed. It blesses him that gives and him that takes.

The two inner tracks are for express trains running the longer distance. Danger of collision is, it is believed, absolutely averted by the adoption of an automatic brake which, for a considerable distance ahead and in the rear, closes the line along which a particular train is running. The motive power is, of course, electricity, and the new railway, latest development of the resources of civilisation, is proud to be in the possession of the most potent power house in the world.

A GALA DAY IN TOWN.

CROWDS IN THE STREETS TO WELCOME THE ROYAL VISITORS.

45 & 46, New Bond Street, Thursday Evening.

The statement that Londoners are weary of processions and pageants may be very true, but nevertheless there was no diminution in the number of people in the streets to-day to see our guests, the King and Queen of Italy, pass through on their way to and from the Guildhall.

It was near Paddington that the crowd was thickest, and here the troops were standing shoulder to shoulder, a fact which showed how determined the authorities are that there shall be no repetition of the excitement which prevailed on the return of the C.I.V's.

The Royalties.

The King and Queen of Italy were fortunate, in that the foggy early morning cleared up and the sun was shining brightly as they arrived. King Victor looked serious before his visit to the Italian Embassy, but afterwards beamed with smiles, while Queen Elena, dressed in grey, with sable furs, and a white cloth coat, appeared charmed with her reception and bowed in the most graceful way.

The Princess of Wales, too, was warmly greeted; she was looking very handsome in dark prune velvet, with sables, and carried a bouquet of pink roses. The Duke of Connaught drove down the route early, accompanied by his daughters, Princess Margaret and Princess Patricia of Connaught, both dressed alike in long sable-trimmed coats, with becoming grey hats.

Entertaining along the Route.

Most of the private houses along the route were decorated, and at many of them parties were being entertained to view the procession. All along Grosvenor-place the crimson-draped balconies were filled with people, and at Lord Rothschild's house in Piccadilly, which was very gay with flags and bunting, he and Lady Rothschild were entertaining a large party of friends, who had not only a view from the front of the house, but from the back as well, as the procession entered Hyde Park.

The Bachelors' Club at the corner of Hamilton-place was dispensing hospitality to a great many ladies, but the view from there was rather a distant one.

An Amusing Incident.

After the royal carriages had passed great amusement was caused by the advent of a very shabby four-wheeler. The driver, who was vociferously cheered, took off his hat to right and left, and appeared highly delighted at the mild sensation he created.

Elsewhere in Town.

Those people who neither went to Windsor, nor yet to see the procession, were elsewhere to be found. Lady Howe, wearing grey with a violet toque, was alighting at Willis's Rooms for lunch, where other visitors included Mr. de Soveral, Mr. Henry Chaplin, and Mr. Henry Milner.

Lady White, the pretty wife of Sir Henry White, who is private solicitor to the King, neatly dressed in dark blue with grey furs, was near Victoria Station. Lady Dudley might have been seen on her way to Windsor. Mrs. Ian Malcolm was walking with her husband, while Captain Fitzwilliam and Major Wynne-Finch were two men about to-day.

The League of Kindness Sale.

To-day was the last afternoon of the private sale in aid of the Children's League of Kindness. It has taken place at Mrs. Cecil Chapman's house in Buckingham Gate, and has proved a great success. Lady Agneta Montagu, Lady Sybil Smith, and several others sent contributions to the sale, and Mrs. Chapman was "at home" each afternoon to a great number of people, who included Lady Heneage, Lady Grace Baring, Mrs. Schomberg Byng, Lady Stewart, Mrs. Eric Hambro, looking very picturesque, Lady Phillimore, and Mrs. Molesworth.

SOCIAL CHIT-CHAT.

Princess Louise Augusta of Schleswig-Holstein, who is very fond of travelling, is leaving England in a few weeks time for a six months tour in England. The Princess will be accompanied by one friend only, Miss Mary Hughes.

Lady Bathurst, who is only just sufficiently conversant to do any entertaining on a large scale, is now more or less settled for the winter at Cirencester House, with her husband and children. This week they have quite a big house party for their first pheasant shoot this season; their guests including Lord Lucie, Lord Chesterfield, Lord and Lady Baring, Lord Ducie, Lord Hynton, Lord Glenesk, Sir Frederick and Lady Hervey-Bathurst, Sir Everard and Lady Doyle, and Mr. Richard and Lady Moyra Cavendish.

Lady Mabel Annesley's wedding is to take place at Cassiwellan, her father's beautiful place in co. Down. Lady Mabel, who has grown up among the people in the neighbourhood, is extremely popular there. Her little step-sisters, Lady Clare and Lady Mabel Annesley, are to be among her bridesmaids.

Englishmen visiting Paris have long felt the want of a comfortable club house that would favourably compare with the best London clubs. Their requirements have now been

amply fulfilled by the opening of the Traveller's Club at 25, Avenue des Champs Elysées. Lord Ilchester, Lord Athlumney, Lord Burton, and Mr. Ernest Beckett are among those on the committee, and all particulars may be obtained from the London secretary, Mr. Walpole Heron-Maxwell, 8, Sackville-street.

The Duchess of Westminster is living very quietly at Eaton during the absence of the Duke in South Africa. The latter starts for England in the first week in December, and there will be a large family gathering at Eaton for the Christmas holidays.

The Duchess of Leeds and her daughter, Lady Guendolen Osborne, have been spending a short time in Nice, en route to their villa at Bordighera. Lady Guendolen will return to London for Miss Beatrice Page's wedding, as she has promised to be one of the bridesmaids, Miss Page's other bridesmaids being her sister, Winifred, Lady Evelyn Innes-Ker, Miss Ethel Gerard, and the pretty little daughters of Lady Hamilton and Mrs. Rupert Beckett.

Lord and Lady Londesborough are entertaining a number of "shooting" guests at Londesborough Park this season. Their head keeper has rather a unique distinction, as he wears a sort of Robin Hood uniform, which is very serviceable in showing who is in command when there is a big party.

Lord Mexborough has just purchased a villa at Florence. It is quite a new one in the Majano district, and was built by a German; the garden is charming, and the views lovely. Lord Mexborough's Yorkshire seat, Methley, is a very fine place, dating from the time of King Henry VII. It contains some very valuable and interesting silver furniture of the early Jacobean period, much like some at Knole Park. The gardens at Methley are extensive and beautifully laid out.

Lady Carrington will to-morrow afternoon open the Carrington House at Deptford, which the London County Council has had erected as a lodging-house in one of the poorest districts of Deptford. The Council intend to have this house conducted on the same lines as those built by the late Lord Rowton.

Lady Kathleen Pilkington, who has taken up with great success the toy bull-dog craze, and has won a large number of prizes at the principal dog shows, is a daughter of the late, and niece of the present, Lord Desart.

She married in 1895 Sir Thomas Pilkington, and lives at Chevet Hall, near Wakefield. Before her marriage she went into society a great deal with Mrs. Bischoffsheim, whose daughter became Lord Desart's second wife. She has inherited much of her late father's Irish wit and cleverness, and has written smart little articles for some of the reviews and magazines.

Lord and Lady Windsor's house party for the tariff reform meeting at Cardiff to-day includes the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain, Lord and Lady Langatock, and Lord Tredegar.

On Monday next the Windsor Strollers, under royal patronage, commence a week's entertainment at the Theatre Royal. The pieces selected are "Pilkerton's Peerage," "My Friend, the Prince," and "My Friend Jarlet." Several members of the Royal Family have signified their intention of being present one evening.

Lady Dickson-Poynder, who is just recovering from an attack of smallpox, is a pretty, graceful woman, who dresses with great artistic taste. She takes much interest in books and literature, and her book-plate is exceptionally charming, the design being a moonlit sea, with the motto, "The soul is not where it lives, but where it loves."

Lord Derwent has taken a house in Scarborough for the early part of the winter, as the thick woods round Hackness render it very damp at this time of the year. Lord Derwent is in fairly good health, and will probably go abroad in the spring.

FASHIONABLE ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Mr. and Mrs. Oglander and Miss Oglander have arrived at 25, Eaton-place for the winter.

Mrs. and Miss Ovey have arrived at 37, Strand-gate, which is now their permanent address.

Miss Muntz, daughter of Sir Albert Muntz, has left England for the winter, to stay with her brother, Mr. Cecil Muntz, at Cairo.

Lieutenant-General Sir George Wolsley, accompanied by his aide-de-camp, Captain E. de Heriez Smith, R.G.A., arrived in town on Sunday, and has taken up his residence at Woodside, Reading.

A marriage has been arranged between Colonel the Hon. W. L. Vane, youngest son of the late Sir Henry Morgan Vane, and brother of Lord Barnard, and Lady Katherine L. Pakenham, younger daughter of the late Earl of Longford, G.C.B., and the Dowager Countess of Longford.

All announcements duly authenticated for insertion in this column to be addressed to the Social Editor, "Daily Mirror" Office, 2, Carnarville-street, E.C.

FROM THE SHIRES.

EXTRACTS FROM MY HUNTING DIARY.

The Cottesmore hounds have been dead out of luck ever since regular hunting commenced, and their day on Tuesday at Loddington was no exception. A very slow hunt from Loddington, Redditch, to Somerby was all that they could accomplish with bad scent, ringing foxes, and wet, cold weather; it was impossible for anyone to enjoy themselves, and the comfort of getting home, and, after a boiling hot bath, to sit before the fire with tea and a good book was a great compensation. After all, it is only in complete contrasts that one can find the real essence of enjoyment.

On Wednesday the Belvoir met at Waltham, and a gay cavalcade, consisting of many strangers from the Pychley and Mr. Fernie's Hunts, besides the usual subscribers, came trotting down the road to Burbage's Covert. A fox was soon away, pointing for Stapleford, but again the total absence of scent prevented any chance of sport. Most of the day was spent between Freeby Wood and Melton Spinney.

Lucy Gilters.

WOMAN IN CLUBLAND.

Yesterday proved to be a most exciting day in Clubland. The passing of the King and Queen of Italy over, parties got up on the spur of the moment repaired to the different clubhouses as the guests of various members for a late lunch, afterwards trooping off in groups as the guests of someone else to another club. The Empress especially was crowded with these late lunchers, among whom were some very distinguished people, and there was a wonderful display of costly and beautiful furs.

The Ladies' Field.

At the Ladies' Field Club, besides the day visitors of interest there were quite a number of smart dinner parties, so many of the members and their friends being invited to the Albert Hall Theatre, where Mrs. Arthur Scaife, one of the members, was giving a reception and taking an important part in "Comedy and Tragedy," which was one of the chief items of the evening. Among those staying in the house at the moment are Lady Emily Hart-Dyke and the beautiful Mrs. Brooman White.

The New Victorians.

The rush for invitations to be present at the Guest Night Entertainment next Tuesday at the New Victorian Club owes its origin to the anticipated discussion of "Marriage as a Profession." Mrs. Brownlow intends to point out that this profession, the most important of all professions which affects every individual is the very one that is left to take care of itself, and the members of it are obliged to get along as well as they can. So that every point in such an interesting debate may be adequately met, several barristers from Gray's Inn and Lincoln's Inn have obtained the necessary passport to appear and take part, and Miss Mabel Hawtrej, the sister of Mr. Charles Hawtrej, will stand for the opposition.

The Army and Navy.

At the Army and Navy Club Lady Suffield has been seen as the guest of Mrs. William Harbord, who is staying in the house. Lady Thuillier has also been among the hostesses giving the large dinner parties which, generally speaking, have been showing a decrease, whilst the smaller parties have been pre-eminently the fashion of the week in Clubland.

Ladies' Military and Naval.

The Duchess of Beaufort is among the last of the vice-presidents of the Ladies' Military and Naval Club, which will soon be established as an important section of Clubland, although its own home is to be more like a private house than yet appears in the world of clubs.

The Sesame.

The Sesame Club has been discussing "Old Age Pensions," and on Wednesday next the second part of Miss Margaret MacMillan's lecture on "Imagination in Childhood and Youth" will be given. Mr. J. T. Grein is expected on Monday evening to give another of his most interesting viva voce criticisms on some plays of the day.

OUR BIRTHDAY LIST.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 20.

"Be prosperous in all, and may you light on all things that you love."

Many happy returns to:—

Queen Margherita of Italy. | Lady Doreen Long. Lady Lothian. | Lady Gwendoline Berrie.

Queen Margherita of Italy has lived in comparative retirement since the tragic death of her husband, the late King, in 1900. She possesses some wonderful jewels, particularly pearls, which are supposed to be some of the finest in the world.

Lady Doreen Long is the charming wife of Mr. Walter Long, President of the Local Government Board. They have a town house in Ennismore-gardens, and entertain very pleasant house-parties at Rood Ashton, their place near Trowbridge, where the shooting is very good.

CUP DAY AT DERBY.

WONDERFUL COLLECTION OF FURS AT YESTERDAY'S RACES.

The weather was cold, but dry, yesterday, when the Derby racecourse was crowded to see the big race of the week. The Duchess of Devonshire, who brought her party by special train, was wearing a royal blue cloth dress and ermine furs, and her tight-fitting toque of black chenille had a white velvet crown.

Lady Gosford, in stone-coloured cloth, with a moleskin bolero, was frequently in the paddock, which, unfortunately, was very wet and muddy underfoot. Mrs. Leo Rothschild's moleskin coat had collar and cuffs of chin-chilla; Lady Lurgan looked very neat in a blue tailor-made gown and a toque of blue velvet.

Lady Colebrook was much admired in a handsome green gown and a stole and muff of fox fur, and Lady Mar and Kellie were in dark brown. Lady Burton brought a large party, which included Lord Cadogan, and Lady Miller, in purple velvet and chin-chilla. Mrs. Hwa Williams was wearing a magnificent set of sable with her brown zibeline gown and toque of brown silk beaver.

Sir Peter and Lady Walker, the latter in black, with a large white felt hat, had also a number of guests with them.

One of the prettiest women present was Lady Angela Forbes, in blue cloth, with a sable bolero, and Consuelo Duchess of Manchester was wrapped up warmly in a long heliotrope coat edged with sable.

DERBY RACING RESULTS.

The six races during the day brought out a total of ninety-eight runners, exactly the same number as on the corresponding day of last year. Results:—

Race.	Winner.	Rider.	Price.
Foston (11).....	Mr. Hodgson.	McIntyre ..	11 to 8
Chatsworth (17).....	Rising Fair.	McIntyre ..	100 to 7
Elvaston (19).....	Santa Claus.	Almer	8 to 1
.....	1 Littleton.	McIntyre	1 to 1
Gold Cup (21).....	2 Surliton.	Lyne	20 to 1
.....	3 Cardas.	Janek	25 to 1
Prize (24).....	Guinness	Hill	100 to 6
Guards (6).....	Schnapps	Hill	9 to 4

(The figures in parentheses indicate the number of starters.) The meeting concludes to-day, when the following horses appear to have places:—Belper Plate—Colonel Wozar; Osmaston Nursery—Southern Queen; Range-rook Stakes—Cossid; Allester Plate—Sees; Chaddesden Plate—Cardas or O'Donovan Rossa.

Some waggoners, engaged upon the Manchester November Handicap, for which twenty-seven of the thirty-three acceptors are sheltered in different stables. Bachelors' Buston, who is included at the head of the quotations, closed firm at 8 to 1, after "tens" and a point less had been accepted, and the impression is that the four-year-old, who is a recent winner of the Liverpool Autumn Cup. Caro was also backed for small amounts at 9 to 1, but the Lambton stable has another candidate, namely, St. Evermeade, a recent winner, engaged in the race. The Netherhaven horse Lord Rossie, and the Whitcombe trained Mountain Rose, each a supporter, who closed at 40, whilst a bet of 500 to 35 was noted to Firmilian.

ANOTHER ROYAL BAZAAR.

Princess Louise Duchess of Argyll has promised to preside at the china and glass stall at the great bazaar which Lady Cadogan is organising in aid of the Victoria Hospital for Children. The bazaar will be held at the Albert Hall the week following Ascot week, and promises to be the great charitable affair of next season. Among the other stall-holders will be Mrs. Ronalds at the American stall and Lady Faudel-Phillips at the refreshment stall. Mrs. Claude Hay is arranging children's tableaux. The children who visit the bazaar will find themselves in pantomime land, for they will be able to call on Noah and his wife at the ark, sympathise with the children of the old woman who lived in a shoe, and, like Alice, have plum cake cut up by the lion.

Her Majesty the Queen is taking great interest in the bazaar, and several royal ladies have promised their patronage.

WEATHER AT THE WINTER RESORTS.

We have received the following reports from our special correspondents:—

Blarritz.—Fair, cool; maximum, 59; minimum, 37.	Cairo.—Clear; forecast cold; maximum, 70; minimum, 56.
Cannes.—Sunny day; rain at night.	Naples.—Rain and thunder; temperature, 57.
Nice.—Rain at night, milder; maximum, 55; minimum, 42.	

NAVAL AND MILITARY.

The Rev. E. H. Goodwin, honorary chaplain to the King, and principal chaplain to the Forces in the South African war, is about to leave the Army on retired pay. Lieut-General Sir Ian Hamilton has written to the Church Society for the Promotion of Kindness to Animals, in response to a letter, to say that a royal warrant has been issued, giving improvements in status pay, promotion, and retired pay of officers of the Army Veterinary Department with the view of rendering its service more efficient.

The following naval appointments are announced:—Capt. R. N. Osmalley to Victory, additional (temporary), to date November 19. Lieutenants: R. N. Lawson to Grafton for N. duties; R. T. Dickson to Spartan for N. duties, to date November 19.

The 8th (King's Royal Irish) Hussars landed yesterday at Southampton from South Africa. All the men will go on furlough immediately.

The Admiralty announce that a system of short service for naval chaplains is to be adopted, under which a chaplain will be able to retire from the service after completing six, eight, ten, twelve, or sixteen years, receiving a gratuity of from £500 to £1,000 according to length of service. This regulation applies to chaplains now serving.

LADIES AT HOCKEY.

A close game between Atlanta ladies and Beckenham ladies at Beckenham yesterday ended in a win for Atlanta by two goals to one. The Beckenham side were one all. Beckenham, it should be stated, were the player short during the greater part of the game, Miss Vernon, their captain, right, meeting with an accident, and having to retire.

AMUSEMENTS.

HAYMARKET. COUSIN KATE.
TO-NIGHT, at 8.30.
Preceded at 8.30 by SHADES OF NIGHT.
MATINEE WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS, at 2.30.

HIS MAJESTY'S. MR. TREE.
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.15.
Shakespeare's
KING RICHARD II.
MATINEE TO-MORROW and EVERY SATURDAY, 2.15.
Box-office (Mr. F. J. Turner), ten to ten—HIS MAJESTY'S.

IMPERIAL THEATRE. MR. LEWIS WALKER.
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.30.
MATINEE TO-MORROW and EVERY SATURDAY, 2.30.
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Nov. 18, 1903. IMPERIAL.

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THE TEMPEST.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.30.
MATINEES TUESDAY and FRIDAY, at 2.30.
Box-office open 10 to 10. Telephone, 524 Westminster.
SPECIAL SAT. MATINEE TO-MORROW, at 2.30.

SHAFTSBURY. Lessee, Geo. Musgrove.
WILLIAMS AND WALKER.
DAKOTA.
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WILLIAMS AND WALKER.
IN
DAKOTA.
MATINEES WED. and SAT., 2.15. NIGHTLY, 8.15.

MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER—AUTUMN
TOUR—THIS WEEK, GRAND THEATRE, LEEDS.
The run of OLD HELMERSBERG will be resumed at the ST. JAMES'S on MONDAY, JANUARY 25.

PERSONAL.

SILVER and Jewels bought for cash—Catepole and Williams, 510, Oxford-street, London, W., are prepared to purchase second-hand plate and jewels to any amount. Articles sent from the country receive immediate attention.

ELECTROLYSIS—Cure guaranteed.—Miss Thomson, 166, Regent-street.

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And as purchased
H.H.M. THE PRINCE OF WALES.
H.H.M. THE PORTUGAL EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.
H.H.M. THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO, etc., etc.

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Range Nuts 19s. 6d. Coke (per sack) 15s. 3d.
All qualities special value; trial solicited. Tel. 779 K.C.

BIRTHS.

BACON.—On Nov. 17, at Winston House, Aldershot, the wife of John M. Bacon, M.A., of a daughter.
EBERLICH.—On Nov. 16, at 14, Park-street, W., the wife of L. Eberlich, Esq., of a son.
HIBBERT.—On the 15th inst., at Byrnes, Datchet, the wife of Captain G. F. Hibbert, Royal Fusiliers, of a son.
MAPPIN.—On the 17th inst., at Mount Grace, Potters Bar, the wife of W. Mappin, Esq., of a daughter.
RAYNHAM.—On Nov. 12, at King Edward's School, Witley, Surrey, the wife of the Rev. Charles T. Raynham, of a son.
THORN-PUDSKY.—On the 17th inst., at Bursley Hall, Shropshire, the wife of Alfred H. Thorn-Pudsky, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

CUNNINGHAM-SANDEMAN.—On Nov. 17, at the English Presbyterian Church, St. Helier, Jersey, by the Rev. S. R. Landy, James Cunningham, St. Andrews, to Eira Stewart, youngest daughter of C. S. Sandeman, Esq., Broughtly Ferry, Glasgow.
GREEN-ABELL.—On Oct. 6, 1903, at Kobe, Japan, at H.R.M.'s Consulate, before John Carey Hall, Esq., Consul-General for Japan, and afterwards at All Saints' Church, by the Rev. Canon David M.A., Herbert Edgar, fourth son of the late Thomas Green, F.R.S. and G. S.N. Co., to Blanche Mary, only daughter of the late John Catto Abell, of Kobe.
KETTELLWELL-HESTER.—On Nov. 9, at Havre, Mont-Aux, U.S., by special licence, Roger Kettlewell, of Wild Horse Lake, Alberta, Canada, son of the late W. J. Kettlewell, of Buckhurst Hill, Essex, to Minnie, daughter of A. Hester, of Texas, U.S.

DEATHS.

ASHBY.—On Nov. 15, at Maford House, Euxeter, suddenly, Richard Charles, eldest son of Richard George Ashby.
BURKHARDT.—On Nov. 9, in Paris, France, Edward Burkhardt, in his 89th year. This is the only intimation.
FRY.—On Nov. 16, at West Kirby, aged 65 years, Joseph, the beloved husband of Margaret Amelia Fry, and for 15 years Keeper of the Franchise, Manchester.
GALLOWAY.—On Nov. 17, at 152, Chislehurst, Kent, Margaret Adelaide Agnes, daughter of the late Arthur Galloway, Royal Civil Service, and a granddaughter of Major-General Sir Archibald Galloway, K.C.B.
LUDLOW.—On the 17th inst., at 1, Millside-terrace, Hythe, Kent, Sir Henry Ludlow, late Attorney-General of Trinidad and Chief Justice of the Leeward Islands, in his 70th year. R.I.P.

NOTICES TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are:—
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The
Daily Mirror.
FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1903.

LONDON'S ROYAL
GREETING.

IN the spontaneous and cordial welcome accorded yesterday by the City of London to the young KING and QUEEN OF ITALY, there is perhaps more than mere courtesy and friendliness to be read. It was indeed as genuine as it was universal: every class willingly contributed to what was almost a triumphal progress from the beginning to the end.

The reasons are not far to seek. There was indeed enough to stir the slowest imagination in this first visit of the King of the Eternal City to the Capital of the Empire upon which the ægis and the world-wide rule of the great Roman sovereignty has after many years descended. Many, too, must have remembered yesterday the long traditional friendship between the two countries—an amity almost unique amid the continuous clash of warring international interests. Others may have contrasted the present position of the young King with that of his predecessor and namesake, who was welcomed in the same streets, and, we would fain believe, with the same cordiality nearly fifty years ago. That was a strong man fighting with CAVALRY for what seemed almost a hopeless ideal. This is a man who has realised by peaceful inheritance that ideal as the most trusted heirloom of his crown—the union of Italy. But deeper, perhaps, and more universal than all, rang the note of simple greeting as man and woman to King VICTOR EMMANUEL and Queen ELENA, upon whose young shoulders so heavy a burden of duty and responsibility has been laid.

We make no distinctions, though we are confident that her royal consort would be the first to admit the instant popularity of his young and beautiful Queen with the crowds who thronged the streets yesterday, whatever their composition. From first to last she bore herself with a winning dignity and grace that won all hearts, and we trust that this tardy, though ever-welcome, visitor to our shores will carry away with her a kindly recollection of her visit to the huge, fog-laden capital of England. We, in this country, are not seldom taunted with a certain *gaucherie* in our public ceremonials compared with the frank realisation by Southern nations of all that adds to scenic effect. To some extent the charge may be true. Beneath the heavy pall of a November day, with not a street cart to its end, and the quick autumn evening closing in before the procession had reached its goal, our City may have seemed dull indeed to residents in the sunny Quirinal. But, without fear, we may challenge the Queen of Italy's reply, if asked whether ever yet in the brightest streets or boulevards of a foreign country, or beneath the bluest of alien skies, she has been more assured of the genuineness of a hearty and universal greeting than she was yesterday in the murky thoroughfares of London.

Under our bleak skies we have welcomed her and her royal husband, after our own fashion, and we feel sure that neither of them will fail to be convinced that they carry back with them to Italy the warmest sympathy and remembrance of the people

of England. Much may be in store for the young King, but we are confident that he will ever remember the cold November day, when London, the only rival to the past glories of his own capital, offered him with unaffected pleasure the civic equivalent of bread and salt and the white cross of Savoy hung side by side with the red cross of England within the historic walls of the Guild-hall.

THE MASCULINE GENERAL
SERVANT.

By ONE WHO HAS TRIED HIM.

A LARGE number of French, German, and Swiss youths, whose ages vary from eighteen to twenty-five, have recently been imported by enterprising registry offices in London, as substitutes for the average general maid-servant.

Perhaps some of those who have suffered at the hands of the British-born domestic may like to hear how this novel experiment has answered in a small country household where once discord ran riot, and now peace reigns.

A procession of women servants, each one worse than her predecessor, more lazy, more incompetent, more determined to get as many benefits as possible, and to give as little in return as was compatible with the toleration of her presence, had come and gone, when the writer's eye was arrested by the following advertisement.

"Useful men servants, willing to undertake maid-servants' duties. Hundreds of smart young foreigners, newly arrived, and desirous to learn English. Wages from 4s. weekly. Apply, —Agency."

By the first post a letter was sent to a London friend to investigate, engage, and dispatch the most suitable applicant for the situation, and in due course a healthy young Swiss appeared on the scene, and quickly adapted himself to his new surroundings. Adolf required less teaching than the average English maid-of-all-work, and though hitherto portier in a German hotel took to cooking, household cleaning, and the usual domestic routine of an eight-roomed villa as to the manner born.

The family was small and without children; the house had been furnished, as far as possible, to minimise labour, the ménage was of a simple nature, and the young man honest, industrious, sober, and anxious to please. In a couple of weeks he had mastered the intricacies of the kitchen stove, the fashion in which a table should be laid, a few elementary rules in cookery, and how to turn out and thoroughly clean the various rooms in proper order. By the end of a month other virtues were manifested. There was no need to call him up in the morning for he had his own alarm, which was religiously set overnight.

Breakfast was no longer a movable feast, but served punctually at the hour appointed, windows, hitherto cleaned at long intervals and under protest, glistened in the sunlight, the garden gradually assumed a trim air of neatness, and all these advantages occurred without any domestic upheaval.

Simply mutual confidence, forbearance, and consideration; a comfortable kitchen and bed-room, a few lessons in English, a couple of hours undisturbed at the end of the day, reasonable relaxation and recreation; and results—faithful service, a cheerful countenance, an earnest and sustained effort honestly to do his duty. Such has been my experience of the masculine general servant.

A WOMAN'S DIARY OF THE WORLD.

NOVEMBER 20.—There are still some among us who heard Queen Victoria open her first Parliament on this day sixty-six years ago.
What has come down to us as the chief note of that memorable day is the speech of the girl Queen who appeared then for the first time before the real rulers of the nation.
It was altogether a notable scene, and a lady in the gallery has left us this impression of it.
"The Queen's voice was excellent; nor have I ever heard any spoken words more musical in their gentle distinctness than the 'My Lords and Gentlemen' which broke the breathless silence of the illustrious assembly whose gaze was riveted upon that fair flower of Royalty. The enunciation was as perfect as the intonation was melodious, and I think it is impossible to hear a more excellent utterance of the Queen's English by the English Queen."
An American statesman who sat in the gallery has told us, too, in language remarkably similar, that "her voice is sweet and finely modulated, and she pronounces every word distinctly, and with a just regard to its meaning; I think I never heard anything better read in my life than her speech."

MAKING PANTOMIME
CHILDREN.

A SCHOOL IN SOHO FOR SPRITES
AND FAIRIES.

By MAUD STEPNEY RAWSON.

WHERE are the dancing fairies of the theatre made? One imagines them always as being taught on a huge stage with the garish sun pouring down upon their modern garments—too often patched, alas!—while a pallid and wearied orchestra fiddles below. The reality is far more ordinary, far less sentimental, and, as a rule, the more renowned the teacher, the humbler and more haphazard are the surroundings. Orchestra? What a notion! A single fiddle is a luxury, and even a piano can be dispensed with. To visit some of the workshops where young London is taught its various callings is veritably a lesson in "the art of doing without."

One of the most famous teachers—one who trains the real "ballerina assoluta" as well as the hordes of children whose feet twinkle in the pantomimes until they outgrow the functions of elves—is a little old man living in a shabby little house in one of the dirtiest streets of Soho. He scorns a piano, he scorns a specially prepared floor, he does not stop to inquire whether your skirt is accordeon-pleated or whether your figure is fitly bodiced—all he cares about is your feet, and the way you use them.

The master has the most wonderful feet—as small as a schoolgirl's. He does not trouble to wear sandals or pumps, or even bath slippers; he dances in his stubby little walking boots. They have not been polished for certainly two days. But you forget all that in marvelling at the neatness of his every movement, and his absolutely perfect balance.

How the Class is Formed.

The children dance in a large room, and there is no furniture except a bench or two against the wall. But above the mantelpiece hangs Tagliani in all her glory, when Paris, and Milan, and Vienna, and London ogled her. The children girls—come in, of all sizes, and ages, and sorts, from three up to twenty-one. There are thirty of them at least, and all have donned the cotton sandals, of which the toes are blackened with use. They cluster at the back in groups, against a partition of wood painted a vivid emerald. Behind it are their street shoes, their hats, and their work-a-day skirts. A strange motley of colours they represent indeed, for all are in short skirts, some only in white petticoats with a cheap lace flounce tucked-on to give "fussiness"; others in short socks of some bright woollen material, and most of them, especially the elder ones, have loosened their hair to give perhaps a less grotesque effect to their abbreviated childish dress.
One orange-scarlet smock worn by a young Jewess, with short, dark hair parted at one side, and curling on to her full shoulders, is the dominant note among the blues and pale pinks and whites of blouses and skirts. The creamy frocks of the babies of three and four and five are quite a relief to the eye. Suddenly the master claps his hands for the opening of the class; he takes the bigger girls first, and they are stationed round the room, and go through all manner of exercises for flexibility of knee and hip, leaning with one hand for support upon a rail.

This slovenliness of step, any clumsiness of arm or stiffness of body are pitilessly evident in any way. Again the master claps his hands. "It won't do," he says, "it won't do. Where's the little Lasrum girl?"

The little Jewess in the scarlet smock runs forward from her seat against the emerald partition.

"Here, my dear," he says, "you show them how to do it."

Terspichore in the Slums.

So the little Lasrum girl goes through the full section of steps. All her joints seem like rubber; she is never a moment behind the beat, she never for an instant looks agonised or awkward or unsymmetrical; she never loses her presence of mind. In years to come her figure may become buxom and lose proportion, but at present she is perfectly balanced. You feel that she should never do anything but dance—dance to the honour of her race, and dance for festivity and triumph, to the sound of loud timbrels.

And now it is the turn of the small children. Their infinite gravity is the most striking thing about it all. They are very careful, very composed. And some are prodigies of delicacy and daintiness. It is generally the tiniest who are the women of the world. Here is a fair-haired sprite who has already figured twice in the "panto," and here one with even curls, who flitted in the summer evenings of the past seasons across the lawns of the Royal Botanical Gardens in the performances of "Hue and Cry after Cupid." But to these babies this dancing is serious work. It is their calling, and the training for it is as strenuous, as exacting as any other apprenticeship. Out of this daily drilling of muscles and toes do they build up their future. The building stuff is simple—unimpressive—an old man, a pair of coarse linen shoes, a set of positions, But exercises, and a few preliminary steps. But what of the earnest desire, the esprit de corps, above all the ideal which keeps the class together and teaches it endurance as well as emulation, courage as well as efficiency? The old man with the stubby feet has sounded the trumpet call of the idealist. As you go away from his "workshop," it is not only his "Lum-tum-tum-tum" which pursues you, but his rallying call: "Think of her—think of the best, and you'll do the best!"

Great Bazaar at Windsor.

THE KING AND QUEEN ATTEND THE OPENING OF THE IRISH INDUSTRIES SALE.



The Marchioness of Londonderry.

ROYALTY, rank, and fashion combined to make the Irish Industries Sale at Windsor yesterday successful. The King and Queen were present, two royal princesses were among the stall-holders, and the bearers of some of Britain's most famous names were active helpers.

The Victoria Hall of the White Hart Hotel, where the bazaar was held, was a blaze of colour. Throngs of people crowded the building, erected on the site where Shakespeare used to sit and drink his ale, and listen to the gossip of the royal borough. The King and Queen entered to the strains of the National Anthem, and with difficulty room was made for their Majesties to make a tour of the stalls. It was not an easy passage, but the King and Queen made their way round laughing good humouredly, and chatting cheerfully with all the principal stall-holders.

Queen Alexandra's Dress.

Very charming Queen Alexandra looked in black velvet embroidered in jet, with a white lace vest, and round her neck was a row of



The Marchioness of Waterford.

fine pearls. Her toque was composed of her favourite mauve velvet, with a lot of purple roses on one side, whilst a sable boa and muff completed a charming toilette. Princess Victoria, who accompanied the King and Queen, was in dark brown, with a gold waistband. An effective note of colour was her dark green toque, trimmed with violets.

In attendance on their Majesties were Lord Howe, Lord Clarendon, Lord Pembroke, Lord Lawrence, Lord Edward Pelham Clinton, Colonel Legge, Miss Knollys, in black, with a large lace collar and a black toque, and Miss Dorothy and Miss Violet Vivian, the Maids of Honour, who, as usual, were dressed alike, wearing nut-brown corduroy velvet, with pale blue beaver toques trimmed with brown omreys.

Lady Dudley, who acted as cicerone to the royal party, was dressed in a costume of palest blue cloth, with very full sleeves and pleated muslin cuffs. On her bodice she wore a tau-



The Duchess of Abercorn.

tiful double miniature of the King and Queen set in diamonds and surmounted by the royal cypher.

Their Majesties' Purchases.

Their Majesties made numerous purchases. At the stall of the Irish Industries Association the King bought from Lady Londonderry some Newtownards silk ties, and from Lady Beccive the Queen purchased a tea cloth and an embroidered cushion. From Lady Aberdeen her Majesty bought some crochet and smock of silk frocks, while the King was buying from Georgiana Lady Downshire some basques and dolls. Lady Arthur Hill sold to the Queen some white Tuxford serge, while to the King she disposed of some grey Caledon tweed. Limerick lace was the next purchase, this being made from Princess Christian. From the Duchess of Abercorn the article selected was of a humble description, consisting of a bundle of grey soldiers' socks. Mrs. Kavanagh sold some Boris lace to the Queen, and Lady Lucan persuaded the King to buy a tweed mixture suit. The Queen, thus encouraged, bought a dress length of green Castlebar tweed. Their Majesties next visited Lady Bandon, and each purchased a quantity of toys, such as elephants, tigers, lions, and bears. More clothes were next purchased from Lady Waterford, who was in charge of the



THE COUNTESS OF DUDLEY.

Curraghmore Industries. The Queen selected a mauve golf cloak, and Princess Victoria a coat of the same description, but blue in colour. From the Five Mile Town Industry the Queen bought several candle sconces and a letter box, and the King selected two pewter inkpots. His Majesty purchased handkerchiefs and the Queen tea-cloths from Lady Duncannon, and Princess Louise sold to them an embroidered satin box silk blouses, and some children's frocks. From the Royal Irish School of Art Needlework was selected a Jacobean blotter, and Lady Mayo sold to the Queen some needlework, an embroidered tray, and a heart-shaped box. The King selected from Lady Mayo's stall six diaries and a garden book. The Killarney Furniture Store was next visited by the Queen, who bought a gilt screen and a bookcase. The King next purchased a pair of electric light brackets.

Princess Christian.

Princess Christian, who was assisting at the Dublin Depot stall, wore a black cloth dress with a white lace collar, a handsome sable cape and muff, and a black toque. Princess Louise Augusta of Schleswig-Holstein was in rose-red frieze, trimmed with beaver, and a little black felt hat trimmed with a gold cockade. Lady Londonderry looked very handsome in dark blue serge, with touches of pale blue, and a toque to match. Lady Helen Stavordale was in white cloth, with encrustations of Irish lace and sable trimming, and Lady Kilmorey in dark brown, with a little toque of moleskin trimmed with a long ostrich feather.

Lady Arthur Hill presided over the tweeds exhibition, and Lord Arthur Hill was assist-

ing his wife. Considerable interest was taken in the knitting baskets and carvings, with Georgiana Lady Downshire at the head of the stall. Here Lady Carew looked extremely handsome in white Irish homespun, with a profusion of Irish crochet, similar to that worn by Lady Helen Stavordale, and some gorgeous jewels. The Duchess of Abercorn was presiding over the Baronscourt industry, and her daughter, Lady Alexandra Hamilton, was assisting her, the Duchess wearing pale grey cloth, with strappings of velvet, and a lace and chinchilla toque, with a small bunch of violets.

Lady Lucan, who was selling at the stall devoted to the Castlebar tweed industry, was assisted by Mrs. Bingham and Miss Bingham; Lady Waterford, presiding over the Curraghmore industry, was being helped by Lady Lansdowne and Lady Aileen Roberts.

Lady Castlerosse, Lady Margaret Douglas, Lady Reid and Miss Dorothy and Miss Cecily Browne were selling for the Killarney furniture industry, their stall being covered with lovely things, such as electric light fittings, furniture of all kinds, and the new glass and silver-gilt wood trays, which sold very well.

There was some beautiful needlework and embroidery on the County Meath stall, at which Lady Fingall, who came over from Ireland to be present, was selling. Among



The Countess Cadogan.

Susan Dawney; Lady FitzGerald and Lady Garvagh, looking very handsome. There were, too, a number of pretty girls helping at the different stalls, including Lady Norah Hely-Hutchinson, in dark blue; Miss Claire Stopford, wearing white; and Miss Ghita Stanhope, in blue, with sables.

The many present did not merely include the stallholders and their assistants, but people came from all the places in the neighbourhood, and the frequent trains down from town kept pouring in new arrivals.

The King and Queen Depart.

The King and Queen stayed at the Exhibition about half an hour, and although they had had scarcely elbow-room during the whole of the time, they came out of the room smiling and looking exceedingly pleased with the warm reception they had received. The King and Queen and Princess Victoria entered their carriage and drove immediately to the Castle to await the return of the King and Queen of Italy.

At tea-time the hall was filled almost to overflowing, tea tables were engaged two and three deep; and the stalls were sur-



The Countess Grosvenor.

rounded with people waiting to make purchases, in fact, the sellers were at times almost overwhelmed with their rush of customers.

Yesterday evening, when the sale closed for the day, many of the stalls were nearly sold out, and the cash boxes were satisfactorily full; while numbers of orders have been booked for various articles, some of which are promised to the would-be purchasers by this afternoon.

Another attraction was the delightful selection of music performed by the Fleur de Lys Amateur Band, which is composed entirely of ladies, under the direction of Signor G. B. Marchisio.

The sale was open until late in the evening, and it is safe to predict that it will prove one of the most successful ever held.

To-day Queen Alexandra and the Queen of Italy will visit the sale during the afternoon.



The Marchioness of Ormonde.

her helpers were Lady Adelaide Taylour and Mrs. Everard. At Lady de Ros's stall, at which Miss Magdalen Ker and Miss Emily Ward were helping, there was a great variety of beautiful things; a white linen bedcover, beautifully embroidered, and some lovely Carrickmacross lace collars speedily found purchasers.

The products of the Rosses knitting industry are already well known everywhere, and the stallholders, Miss Roberts, Lady Heygate, Mrs. Arthur Markham, and Mrs. Arthur Heygate had no difficulty in disposing of the ladies' golf blouses and jerseys, and in view of the present cold weather the warm gloves and stockings sold quickly.

The Five-mile-town industry is chiefly engaged in the manufacture of repoussé work in metal, and on its stall was displayed a variety of coal scuttles, trays, bellows, inkstands, and tankards, in very quaint and unique designs. The stallholder, Mrs. Montgomery, who personally superintends the classes which turn out this work, was helped by several ladies, including Mrs. R. E. Maude, Mrs. Hugh Montgomery, and Mrs. A. Montgomery.

Quilts and needlework of all kinds was to be found at the Dunleckney cottage industry stall, where Mrs. W. M. Vesey, Mrs. Hall Dare, and Miss Constance Vesey were kept busy all the afternoon.

The Stall-holders.

Among those buying and selling were Lady Mary Crichton, in pale blue, with chinchilla furs; Mrs. William Grenfell, wearing brown, with a lovely emerald and diamond pendant at her throat; Lady Duncannon, who did a brisk trade at the Garryhill Industry Stall; Lady



THE IMPORTANCE OF SMALL THINGS.

THE "quick change" mode of life is felt in the lesser, and in the least, things. Even haberdashery boasts its button of the hour, a button in the favourite nouveau art, of course; and herewith is an example, showing a daffodil design in natural colours on a platinum ground. While another on the same surface has a green enamel conventional motif accentuated with pearls. The button to the left is also delightful, a wheel pattern in bold royal blue on an emerald enamel, the



slightest line of platinum dividing the two colours. And, finally, there is the little cut gilt steel button, always in good taste when applied with discretion. It also, by-the-by, has a special value for small people's garments; nothing can look more fascinating than these little steel studs on the coat and the knee breeches of a boy's pale-coloured cloth suit.

Dainty Adornments for the Hair.

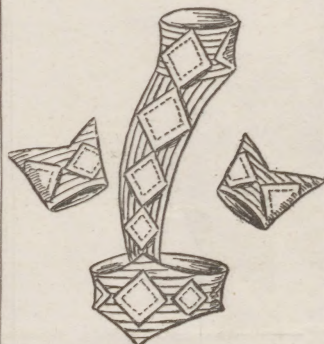
It is quite the exception just at present to see a coiffure unadorned. Everyone is on the look-out for something novel and original in

the way of a hair ornament, but everyone does not, alas! put before everything else the consideration of what is most becoming. The idea of the hair ornament should not be merely to have something stuck in the hair, but that the something shall not only enhance the best points of the wearer, but give a conclusive note of style to the whole ensemble of her costume. For instance, with a gown of white tulle powdered with gold, a wreath of tiniest golden roses reposing amid green leaves is immaculate. While the subject of our sketch is by no means to be despised, a dainty design with tiny green velvet leaves, from which depend fuchsias in silver tissue, while a silver sequin bow supports an osprey to one side.

Bodice Trimmings en suite.

Here is a notion for the neat home-worker whereby a garment, familiarity with which has bred our contempt, may be once more reinstated in our respect. And a most simple and inexpensive renovation it is, too, consisting of a plastron, collar, band, and cuffs of silk or galon, having graduated squares of the cloth, which composes the gown, machine-stitched thereto.

This idea may also be particularly happily applied to the waistband alone, where it is desired to introduce a colour and yet break the harshness of contrast. These sets of bodice trimmings hold much favour in Paris, where, on a foundation of white cloth, novel designs in coloured cloth are boldly outlined and stitched with black.



No. 7.—FOR THE NEAT GIRL.

With no disrespect to the blouse, there yet come many occasions in the life of the ordinary woman when a neat costume, something apart from the ordinary coat and skirt carried throughout in cloth, tweed, or cashmere, proclaims itself a most desirable possession. With the exception perhaps of some easily adjusted chemisette, a trifling detail such as any girl could make, and even wash, for herself, this gown is always ready to put on, and there are, in fact, many working situations in life where the wearer has to be in evidence when a neat, quiet, but attractive little dress, such as the one illustrated here, is infinitely to be preferred before a coat and skirt, which inevitably asks the completion of a blouse.

In respect of materials for the purpose, there is a positively endless choice of sensible qualities and colourings, such as cloth, hopsack, friezes, and tweeds, in havannah brown, mole, and navy blue. The whole affair pulled together by some contrast or deeper harmony in the shape of rever, collar, and sleeve bands of embroidered velvet or appliqué cloth, while no more fitting completion could be found at the waist than one of the soft smart leather belts, which would, of course, accentuate the touch of contrast.

Nor could those in search of the always desirable black face cloth costume do better than follow this design, relieving it with Aubergine velvet.

Quantity of double width material, 6½ yards.

Flat pattern, 6½d.; tacked up, 2s. 7½d.

"DAILY MIRROR" PAPER PATTERN DEPARTMENT.

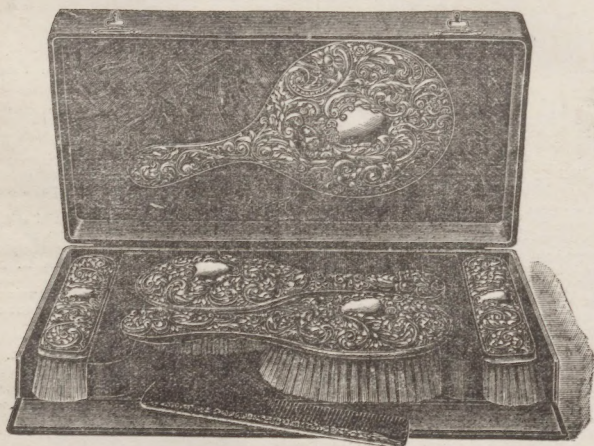
Any numbered designs on this page can be obtained at the Paper Pattern Department, "Daily Mirror" Offices, Carmelite House, Carmelite Street, London, E.C. All applications to include the number and the price of the pattern or patterns. The patterns will be cut, in the case of adults, in the medium size only. When the patterns are for children, the age of the child will always be stated. All amounts of 6d. or over, should be sent by means of postal order. Foreign Stamps cannot be accepted in payment for patterns. In every case ordered patterns are despatched at the earliest possible moment.



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Very handsome **STERLING SILVER BRUSH SET**, containing 2 large size **HAIR BRUSHES** (best Bristles); 1 **HAT BRUSH**, 1 **CLOTH BRUSH**, 1 extra large **CIRCULAR MIRROR** (Bevelled Glass), and 1 Silver Back **DRESSING COMB**, fitted complete in Silk Velvet lined case. **Price 4½ Guineas**, or can be had separately.

HAIR BRUSHES	- - -	14/6	each.
CLOTH or HAT BRUSH	- - -	10/6	"
COMB	- - -	7/6	"
MIRROR	- - -	25/-	"

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S. HARVEY & CO., 2 and 4, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Great Bridge Contest: another New Coupon.

IN accordance with the suggestions of many correspondents, who have thought that our Tournament might be made more attractive to beginners by the addition of subordinate prizes, the proprietors of the *Daily Mirror* have now decided to increase the sum given away by distributing a further

FIFTY POUNDS

in consolation prizes among the unsuccessful candidates. The total sum added as a free gift to the entrance fees is now

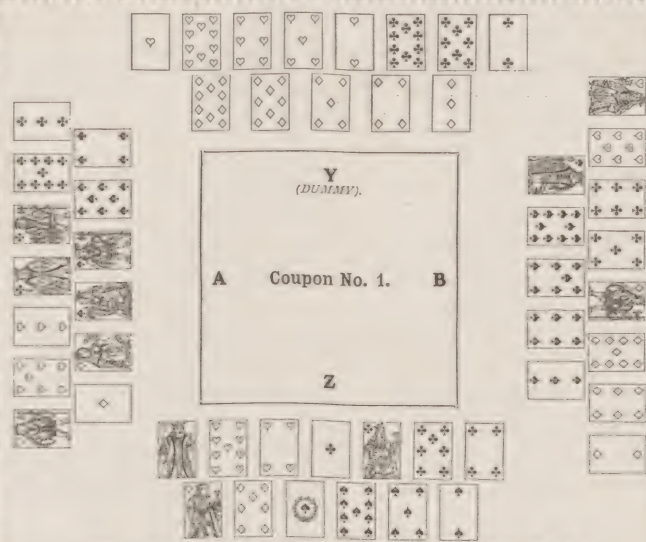
ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY POUNDS.

placing the competition on even a more popular basis than before. To-day we give for the first time our **FOURTH COUPON**, and we again repeat our Coupons 1, 2, and 3, in two of which the cards were misplaced in yesterday's issue. Those who have not yet entered for the Tournament should cut out the four coupons on this page and send them all in together, *carefully observing the instructions printed below.*

♥ THE CASH PRIZES. ♥

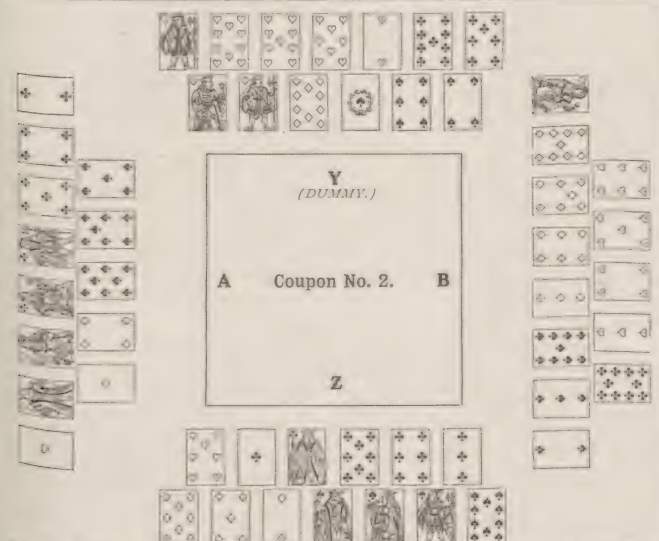
Every reader who wishes to join in the Tournament must send us full name and address (not for publication, unless desired), the *nom de guerre* (if any) which it is intended to assume, a copy of the card-diagram (which must be cut from the paper) and a postal order for one shilling.

All the entrance-fees so subscribed will be divided among the prize-winners. Besides which, the Proprietors of the *Daily Mirror* will themselves give the sum of



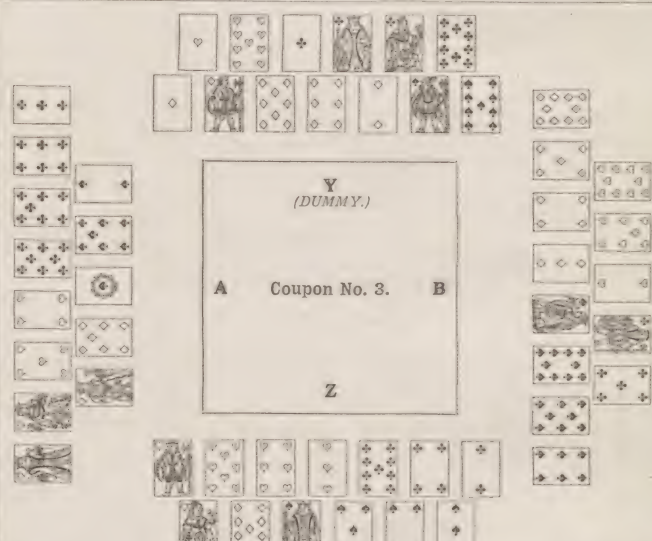
Score: Love all. Z deals and declares No Trumps. A leads ♣ 3.

Name Nom de Guerre
Address or Initials.....



Score: Love all. Z deals and leaves it to his partner, who declares Hearts. A leads ♣ 2.

Name Nom de Guerre
Address or Initials.....



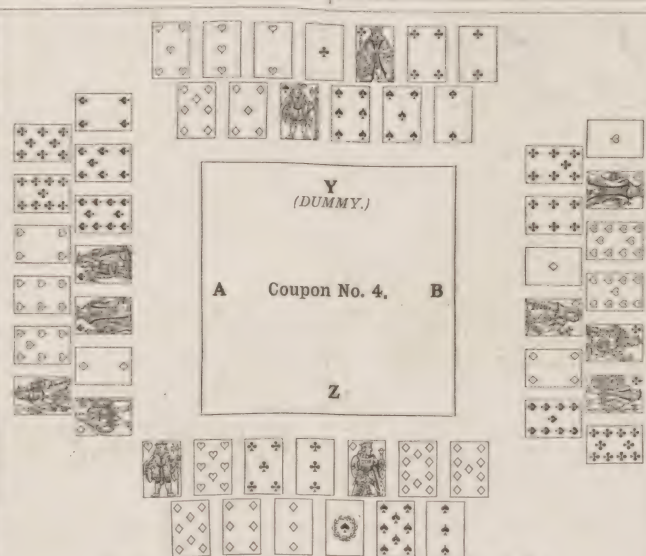
Score: Love all. Z deals and leaves it to his partner, who declares No-Trump. A leads ♥ 4.

Name Nom de Guerre
Address or Initials.....

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY POUNDS.
One Hundred Pounds of this and all the entrance-fees received will be collected into a lump sum, every penny of which will be handed over to the competitors who send in the best sets of answers to the complete series of questions. If two or more competitors are equal in merit, the money will be divided. The remaining FIFTY POUNDS will be distributed in Consolation Prizes.

♦ NO LONG WAITING. ♦
You will not have to go through a tedious period of waiting for the award to be made. The tournament will close on December 14, and a large and experienced staff of clerks will be at work all the time checking and entering up the replies received. All solutions will be examined with scrupulous care; and if there are two (or more) ways, equally good, of playing a hand, both will be counted as correct.

*** THE RULES. ***
1. Each competitor must cut out the diagrams, sign them at foot with full name and address, and the *nom de guerre* or initials which it is desired to use, pin the whole in an envelope, addressed to the Bridge Editor, *Daily Mirror*, 2, Carnelite-street, London, E.C., accompanied by a postal order for one shilling.
There will only be one such entrance fee payable by each competitor during the whole of the Tournament. Consequently, no further postal order is to be sent in forwarding the remainder of the competitors' replies.
2. New competitors may enter at any time during the progress of the Tournament; but in such a case a complete set of diagrams from the beginning must always be enclosed with the entrance fee.
3. The outside of the envelope must be clearly marked above the address: "*Daily Mirror* Bridge Tournament," and no other communication or inquiry may be enclosed under the same cover. Requests for information,



Score: Love all. Z deals and declares Diamonds. A leads ♠ K.

Write out in some convenient form (for an example, see the "*Daily Mirror*" of yesterday) what you consider to be the correct play of the above four hands. The cards are not to be played as if they were all known, but just as they would fall in an ordinary game. Dummy's (Y's) hand being the only one laid face upwards on the table. The object is not to make Y Z win extra tricks to which they are not fairly entitled, through the mistakes of A and B; but to record the play and the result, on the understanding that each player is to do his best, so far as he knows the cards.

State legibly at the head of your reply the total number of tricks won by Y and Z.

Name Nom de Guerre
Address or Initials.....

tion, queries on points of Bridge play, suggestions, reports of hands dealt, etc., must invariably be sent under separate cover.

4. In all matters admitting of reasonable doubt the decision of the Bridge Editor (which will be given with the strictest impartiality) must be accepted as final.

5. No person in the employ of, or connected with the publication of, the *Daily Mirror* will be allowed to compete.

6. The above rules are subject to modification or correction before the competition closes.

The postal order for 1s. (which must be crossed Barclay and Co.) must be sent in with the first solutions, and competitors are urged to send in their replies day by day if possible.

Back numbers can always be obtained through newsagents, or facsimile diagrams will be sent by the Bridge Editor on receipt of two penny stamps.

December 14 is the last day on which solutions will be received.

BRIDGE DAY BY DAY.

Many readers continue to inquire (although we have already made several definite announcements) whether two or more answers may be sent in for the same coupon. The reply is in the negative. Each coupon must be accompanied by one mode of play only, as the competitor may decide. A competitor, however, may send in as many complete sets of coupons as he or she likes, distinguishing each separate set by some letter or mark, and

sending a P.O. for one shilling with the first coupon of every set. Each set will be considered independently, but no single competitor shall be entitled to more than one share of the prize-money.

"Solo Whist" writes: "You evidently take it for granted that the bulk of your readers know the game. I don't suppose ten per cent. ever heard of it."

"Solo Whist" is welcome to his opinion, with which we do not agree. But if he thinks only a small number of candidates will enter, what an excellent chance he will have of securing a substantial sum of money!

"T. L. F." writes: "If the winner or winners are to be those who gain the greatest number of tricks for the winning pair of imaginary players, it is obvious that, by causing the losing pair to play in poor style, it will be easy to secure a greater number of tricks than otherwise."

We have varied the wording under the diagram so as to make it quite clear (or so we hope) that each of the players is to do his best according to the knowledge he has of the location of the cards. The few elementary rules of play which may be needed are capable of being stated in very brief compass, and have already been published in the *Daily Mirror* of November 16.

D. H. C. asks: "(1) Do you desire the whole hand played through, or only sufficient to make the result clear? (2) May more than one coupon be sent in the same envelope?"

(1) This is a matter of judgment. If a brief description will make clear the last few tricks the trouble of writing down each card may be dispensed with. (2) Yes; but always send P.O. with the first coupon, or with the first batch of coupons.

Ernest Bergholt.



THE window-box is essentially a form of gardening to be practised principally in the town. Away from bricks and mortar, where almost every house stands in its own grounds, and can, if occupant and gardener are of one mind, be framed in a wealth of greenery and bright blossoms the whole year round, the window-box is not so important.

The Necessity for Brightness.

In London, particularly, with its terrace after terrace of houses, the windows of which appear to be punched out of their front walls with the same regularity that distinguishes the holes in a cabbage strainer, window-boxes are a great aid to beauty, even at the present time of the year, which is the most difficult time to maintain a display of anything like cheerfulness.

It is a mistake when ordering window-boxes to choose those which have brightly-hued or patterned tile fronts exposed to the streets. If tiles are to form the attraction of the window-sill have tiles by all means, but to mix the rival advantages of pottery and plants together in such a confined space is fair neither to one nor the other. The most natural-looking window-boxes to employ in the estimation of some gardeners are either those that are covered on the street side with the old-fashioned virgin cork, or else with brown-stained rustic work, which is more formal in appearance, but almost equally effective. These, however, so soon look dismal and dingy that self-coloured or Dutch tiles are preferable, both for neatness and brightness.

One must not look for a brilliant display of window-box blossom at this time of the year, though up to the end of November dwarf asters, with their delicate purple, yellow-centred little blossoms: till make a brave show, unless their career is cut short by an exceptionally severe frost.

Plants that are Out of the Common.

When they are taken away their places must be filled by some of the innumerable dwarf conifers, preferably of the variegated varieties, which will at least give us a pleasing, albeit somewhat conventional, window-framing of greens and yellows till the spring comes. But this is not all the material available. The advantages of *Crataegus pyracantha*, commonly known as the fire thorn, appear to have been overlooked as a window-box plant.

It is generally made use of as a wall shrub, but, if planted at one or both ends of a box, where it can get at the wall by the sides of the window, it will speedily give a charming effect with its masses of bright scarlet berries nesting against its dark green foliage.

Flowers Without Leaves.

The winter flowering jasmine (*Jasminum nudiflorum*) may also be used under somewhat similar conditions. This is a most striking plant, inasmuch as it flowers during the winter after its leaves have gone and the stems are quite bare. These blossoms are a bright yellow in colour, and stand out like stars

against the dark brown background of the stems. London smoke and fog do not seem to impair the beauty of either the winter-flowering jasmine or the fire thorn in any way. The winter cherry is also a delightful window-box plant, but will suffer from frosts and have to be renewed from time to time.

The Last Moment for Bulbs.

But, while thinking of the present, the future must not be forgotten. Dotted about in the boxes, wherever there is an atom of space available, bulbs should be planted, and planted at once. Earliest of all, and long before the frosts have left us, we shall then reap a reward in the shape of many beautiful blossoms of the pure white snowdrop, and the yellow and purple crocuses.

Soon afterwards the scillas (much neglected window-box bulbs) will give us a wealth of blue, and the daffodils of yellow, beauty. These will take us well on into the spring and will remain until the tulips come. Among these latter *Keizerskroon*, with its rich cup-like scarlet blooms, edged with yellow, is the bravest of them all, and flourishes under the most unsavoury conditions.

THE CARE OF JEWELLERY.

WHY TURQUOISES CHANGE COLOUR.

How many people there are who in ignorance wash their rings in hot water, little knowing the risk they are running, for even the hardest of stones that have the slightest flaw in them will crack when near great heat or in contact with a boiling fluid. Coloured stones should never be put near extreme heat. Not so very long ago a cat's eye, and a large one too, in a necklace, was put in the heating apparatus during the process of mounting and immediately split in half, and was, of course, perfectly useless, as the beauty of a cat's eye is the light which is exactly in the centre of the stone. Diamonds are the hardest of all stones, then come sapphires, followed by rubies and emeralds; and in due order come amethysts, opals, topaz, peridots, aquamarines, and the numerous beautiful gems mentioned in the Bible.

The best way for keeping the jewelled chains, now so much worn, in good order, is to have little chamois leather bags made, and then line them with satin, the latter material acting as a polisher by contact, and the chamois leather as a deterrent against damp and dirt.

With regard to turquoises some people have an odd idea that, should they change colour, bad luck is on the way to the wearer, a foolish superstition that dies hard. Turquoises are very sensitive stones, and change colour more when worn by some people than by others, owing to the action of the skin and its effect upon the stones, though it should be added that Persian turquoises never change, but are now so exceedingly scarce that very few are to be purchased.

All those requiring Servants should read pages 15 and 16 of to-day's "Daily Mirror."

SIMPLE DISHES.

The prices of the ingredients are quoted as from the West End shops.

No. 50.—TIMBALES OF VEAL AND HAM.

INGREDIENTS:—Half a pound of cold veal, half a pound of cold ham, two ounces of fresh white crumbs, two teaspoonsful of chopped parsley, one teaspoonful of chopped onion, one teaspoonful of grated lemon rind, one ounce of butter, two eggs, one gill of stock, two ounces of cooked macaroni, salt and pepper.

Thickly butter some earthen moulds. Cut the macaroni into thin rings. Press these over the inside of the moulds to decorate them so that they are lined with rings of macaroni. Mince the veal and ham finely, add to them the parsley, onion, lemon rind, crumbs, salt, pepper and stock, lastly beat the eggs and add them to the mixture. Fill the moulds carefully with this mixture, pressing it down well, but taking great care not to disturb the macaroni. Twist a piece of buttered paper round the top of each mould, and steam the timbales for about half-an-hour. Turn them out carefully and serve with Tomato sauce.

Cost 2s. for twelve portions.

No. 51.—DATE PUDDING.

INGREDIENTS:—Two ounces of flour, two ounces of breadcrumbs, four ounces of suet, four ounces of Demerara sugar, one and a half pounds of dates, one egg.

Stone and chop the dates finely, also the suet. Mix all the dry ingredients together. Beat up the egg and stir it in, and if the mixture seems too dry add a little milk, but the mixture should be stiff. Put the mixture into a well buttered basin or mould. Cover the top with a piece of buttered paper and steam the pudding for one hour. Then turn it out and serve with any sweet sauce.

Cost 1s. 3d. for eight persons.

No. 52.—COCOANUT ROLL.

INGREDIENTS:—Two eggs and their weight in butter, flour, and castor sugar, one teaspoonful of baking powder, two ounces of desiccated coconut, one tablespoonful of milk, three or four table-spoonsful of raspberry jam.

Beat the sugar and butter together till they look like cream. Then add the eggs, one by one, beating them well in. Mix the baking powder with one teaspoonful of flour; add the rest of the flour and one ounce of desiccated coconut to the mixture; and, lastly, add the flour and the baking powder, and the milk. Mix all thoroughly; then pour the mixture into a shallow baking tin lined with buttered paper. Bake in a rather quick oven for about ten minutes. While it is baking, warm the jam. When the cake is done turn it brown side down on to a sugared piece of paper. Spread the cake with jam, and roll it neatly up. Shake some more coconut and castor sugar over the roll. If liked, the mixture can be made up into tiny rolls.

Cost 11d. for ten portions.

No. 53.—STUFFED TURKEY.

INGREDIENTS:—A turkey from eight to ten pounds, nine ounces of breadcrumbs, three ounces of chopped suet, three ounces of chopped bacon, three table-spoonsful of chopped parsley, one teaspoonful of grated lemon rind, one ounce of butter, two eggs, salt and pepper, a little milk, nutmeg.

Mix all the dry ingredients together. Beat up the eggs, add them to the mixture, with enough milk to bind it. Insert the stuffing through the neck of the turkey. If there is any force-meat over make it into little balls, fry them, and serve them round the turkey. Having stuffed the bird, put a piece of bacon over its breast, then wrap the bird up in a piece of buttered paper, and roast it before a clear fire or in a quick oven, basting it frequently. Twenty minutes before the bird is done remove the paper and bacon and brown the breast nicely. It should take about two hours to roast. Serve with its good gravy, bread sauce and fried sausages.

Cost about 10s. 6d.

No. 54.—PARMESAN BISCUITS.

INGREDIENTS:—Water biscuits, grated cheese, salt and pepper, a little butter.

Take six water biscuits. Place on each a good heap of grated cheese. Sprinkle on it butter, salt, and pepper, and place a few tiny bits of butter here and there on it. Put the biscuits on a baking tin in the oven and leave them there till they are slightly brown. Serve very hot.

Cost 4d. for six portions.

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PROVISIONS IN SEASON.

Fish. Bream, Brill, Cod, Eels, Flounders, Mullet, Plaice, Soles, Turbot, Whitefish, Prawns, Oysters, Shrimps.

Poultry and Game. Turkeys, Fowls, Geese, Rabbits, Pigeons, Ducks, Quails, Leverets, Plovers, Pheasants, Teal, Widgeon, Venison.

Meat. Beef, Mutton, Pork, Veal.

Vegetables. Salsify, Sea Kale, Scotch Kale, Spinach, Spruce, Sprouts, Tomatoes, Artichokes, Asparagus, Carrots, Celery, Mushrooms, Salads.

FRUIT IN SEASON.

Grapes, Figs, Pears, Apples, Oranges, Nuts, Melons, Bananas, Pineapples, Mangoes, Limes, Lychees.

FLOWERS IN SEASON.

Violets, Lilies of the Valley, Carnations, Mimosa, Chrysanthemums of all Colours and Sizes, Asparagus Fern and Maidenhair, Plants and Cut Flowers for the House, Azaleas, Yellow and White Marguerites, Begonias, Japanese Fern Balls, Green and Red Dracenas, Maidenhair Fern.

THE DISH OF THE DAY.

No. 17.—POULARDE A L'EDOUARD VII.

By M. ANTOINE MOISY, Chef Kensington Palace Mansions Restaurant.

Truss a large fat fowl for boiling, fill the interior with a rich white rice stew, mixed with a handful of foie gras cut in dice, moistened with velouté sauce.

Sew up the skin and cook the fowl in rich white stock en casserole till tender.

Prepare a velouté sauce flavoured with curry, reduce it with some of the chicken liquor, and add a little cream.

Dress the cooked fowl on a hot dish, coat it well with the prepared sauce, and decorate the top with stars and diamond chapes of red pimentos. The dish is then ready for serving.

PRIZES FOR RECIPES.

Every Saturday the "Daily Mirror" will award a prize of One Guinea for the best cooking recipe. The recipe must begin by stating each ingredient to be used in making the dish, and the price of the dish must be given. The recipe must be written on a postcard, and must be addressed: "Chef, The 'Daily Mirror', 2, Carnarville-street, London, E.C.

The last date for sending in this week's prize recipes is Thursday, November 26th.

A CHOICE OF DISHES.

BREAKFAST.

- * Timbales of Veal and Ham.
- Fried Snails. Poached Eggs.
- Wholmeal Scones. Kidney Omelet.

LUNCH.

- Potato Soup. Fried Filleted Plaice.
- Chicken and Ham Sandwiches.
- Curried Eggs. Ragout of Duck.
- Braised Leeks.
- Normandy Pippins and Cream.
- * Date Pudding. Welsh Rarebit.

COLD DISHES.

- Cold Beef with Horseradish Sauce.
- Game Pie. Ham.

TEA.

- Brioche. Cress Sandwiches.
- * Coconut Roll. German Gingerbread.
- Almond Cake.

DINNER.

- Celery Soup. Purée of Chicken.
- Devilled Whitebait.
- Haddock à la Maitre d'Hotel.
- Entrees.
- Grilled Steak with Madeira Sauce.
- Cal's Head à l'Italienne.
- Rosets.
- * Stuffed Turkey. Loin of Mutton.
- Game.
- Roast Pheasant. Quails in Aspic.
- Vegetables.
- Carrot Moulds. Soufflé Potatoes.
- Sweets.
- Pineapple Tartlets. Claret Jelly.
- Sauces.
- Anchovy Croûtons. * Parmesan Biscuits.
- Ice.
- Raspberry Cream.

Recipes of all the dishes marked on this list with asterisks are given on this page.

A Pleasing Change of Vegetable

for dinner can be made with two or three of the commonest vegetables, by serving them with a different tasty sauce every other day.

Brown & Polson, Paisley, will send, for 1d. stamp, their "Vegetable and Fish Sauce Book" containing recipes for a variety of such sauces, which can be made at little trouble and expense, from ingredients at hand in most households. The directions are clear and full so that a plain cook can make them well.

Write at once to B. & P., Dept. E., Paisley, for a copy.



Woman's Parliament.

YOUR DOG OR YOUR CHILD—
WHICH?

(To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.)

Nothing has been rendered more clear by the recent libel case than that the anti-vivisection party is backed by the kind of woman who is reduced to paroxysms of pity if her pug dog go out undressed, and whose energies are dissipated in pampering it, while she remains deaf to the human sufferers passing daily by her door.

The question, what mother would not save her child's life at the cost of a painless experiment on a dog? is a pertinent one that should be taken to heart by all hysterical supporters of anti-vivisection. There lies the crucial test.

In the treatment of diphtheria alone, vivisectionists have saved millions of children by their research on the unconscious animals whose groans have evoked such a storm of pity.

If even as many dogs had been sacrificed as there have been children saved, would any sane mind object to their utilisation by the scientist when it has been proved to the hilt that the animals are totally unconscious? I can remember having myself accompanied a friend to the dentist. Under the influence of the anæsthetic she behaved as if her tortures were awful. She totally unnerfed me. Yet when it was over she assured me she had not felt any pain.

There is not the slightest fear that vivisection can be abused. The number of practitioners is restricted—only about a thousand are licensed—and their work so hedged about by rules and regulations that one can characterise the work only as hampered to the last degree. Let us have less hysteria and more sense.

PERDITA.

HATS IN THE THEATRE.

To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.

I have watched with interest for any feasible solution of the hat question from a lady's point of view. So far I have seen nothing likely to become popular, but may I offer a suggestion?

Anyone who has lived in the country of the Bordeaux must have been struck with the extreme picturesqueness of the girls' head-

gear. It consists of a silk kerchief or fichu twisted round or in and out of the hair (not in the least like last year's flimsy arrangement of chiffon). This arrangement is capable of exquisite adaptability and variety, both of form and colour.

Everyone can choose a shade, or blended shades, to suit them according to hair and eyes. The fichu are fastened with the bow and ends knotted at the side, or on the top, or drawn through the hair according to taste and style, and often a beautiful flower nestles somewhere, giving added charm of colour and effect. What could be more chic?

Think of a head of golden fluffy hair crowned with soft twisted mass of palest green and with soft pink buds over the ear, or the hair of a brilliant brunette coiled with crimson folds and pinned down with diamond stars.

It seems to me a possibility of endless charm. The arrangement would be warm and light, and surely the dreaded disarrangement of the "fringe" need then trouble no more.

A READER OF THE *Daily Mirror*.

SHOULD CHILDREN'S EDUCATION BE RELIGIOUS?

(To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.)

If the only religious education our children are to get is that given to them in the average Board school they will be poorly provided for.

If we allow the form of religious teaching to be decided by vote, then, when the "Undesirable Aliens" predominate in a district, we may have Moslemism taught to all the children! If the money of all the ratepayers is used to support the schools, why teach the creed of the majority? It is dangerous to be unjust, even when in a majority.

Why introduce sectarianism into matters educational at all? As Constance Williams says: "Let the Churches provide outside the schools for the teaching of any dogmas they think fit. We will concern ourselves only with bringing up good, sober, honest citizens."

None of the sects can agree as to what ought to be taught, even from the Bible. Last month the Bishop of Wakefield said at Leeds: "The Bible is not infallible. The Bible is not necessarily literal and exact."

If that is true (and I express no opinion on the matter), why should we quarrel over the

introduction of the Bible to the already overcrowded curriculum of our elementary schools?
R. McMILLAN.
Lyndale House, Highgate.

SMOKING IN THEATRES.

(To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.)

Who wants to smoke in theatres? A mighty discussion rages, but I shall be surprised if it is not discovered after all to be a tempest in a teapot. Among all my friends I do not know a single man who has ever expressed a desire to smoke in the theatre.

I object to any change in the present system for two reasons. First, because I have some consideration for the feelings of the fairer sex; and, secondly, because I have some regard for my own feelings. If everybody smoked decent tobacco there might not be so much reason for objection, but the fact is, unfortunately, that most people's cigars and cigarettes are highly distasteful, to say the least of it, even to an inveterate smoker like myself.

People who want smoking allowed in theatres should recollect that if the stalls, boxes, and dress-circle insist on their cigars and cigarettes, the pit and gallery will not be denied their pipes and shag. That's the gist of the whole matter. It is surely not necessary to argue the question further?

A. J. C.

King's Bench Walk, Temple.

£500 for a Postcard.

We are desirous of receiving suggestions for the development of the *Daily Mirror*.

We will present

£1,000

to those who send the best hints, written on postcards, on or before Wednesday, December 2nd.

Any person can send any number of hints, and gentlemen as well as ladies can assist. The rule should be observed of one hint on one postcard.

The £1,000 will be divided as follows:—

For the Best Suggestion - - £500.

For the Second Best - - £100.

Eighty other Suggestions - - £5 each.

The winners may, if they choose, nominate charities for the receipt of their awards if they do not care to retain the money themselves.

With regard to the awards for postcard suggestions, the Editors of the *Daily Mirror* reserve to themselves the absolute right to be the sole arbiters in making any gift or award without giving any reason, and in case of any dispute their decision must be considered as final.

All postcards should be addressed:—

Suggestion Department,

THE DAILY MIRROR,

2, Carmelite-street,

LONDON, E.C.

Our Feuilleton.

Chance, the Juggler.

By CORALIE STANTON AND HEATH HOSKEN.

(Authors of "BY RIGHT OF MARRIAGE.")

CHAPTER XVIII.

Continued.

Martia could stand it no longer. All the old story had been raked up, every detail had been talked about and torn to shreds with the talking, the same old theories, the same veiled suggestions and hints and covert innuendo, all ending with that exasperating conclusion that only meant the recommencement of the whole sorry business:—"It certainly is very funny."

Funny! What was there funny about it? What mystery was there? What did they hint, or wish to imply? And why—oh, why could they not say what they meant? Of what were they afraid? The Law had been satisfied. It had affirmed that Lewis Detmold had taken his life in a moment of temporary insanity with a poisoned Indian dagger. It was all past history now, and Lewis Detmold was buried. The only two people in the world who could have questioned that verdict, or who would have been justified in hinting at mysteries and hidden or most sensibly acquiescent—the woman who was to have been his wife, and who lost by his death a great fortune, and Ludovic Clare. It was left to the Colonel's friends, yes, and to rolling like a set of gossiping old women, rather than men who should have been staunch and loyal to their Chief. She wondered whether there was any chivalry left in the world. Men called it sport nowadays.

"I wonder," she said, bittily, as she turned and looked straight into Verulam's shifty eyes, "why you do not ask Colonel Detmold to tell you whether he killed Lewis Detmold. It seems to me the simplest way and the most honest."

Verulam started. "Oh, I say, Martia," he exclaimed, "what an idea, what a suggestion!"

"Yes," she said, "what a suggestion."

"My dear!" gasped Lady Dexter, glancing around as if she feared the remark had been

overheard by a servant, "how can you say such a thing?"

Martia frowned most ominously. If she had not frowned she would have laughed, and that, at the moment, would have been most unfortunate.

"I am tired," she answered in a voice that left no possible doubt as to her feeling in the matter, "of listening to this constant undercurrent of gossip about an honourable gentleman, and when I hear a man who is in Colonel Joscelyn's regiment imply the things you imply, I—well, I cannot understand it. If I—well, if I were a man, if I were in your regiment, I—I would—She stopped, and overcame with a sudden rush of words and feeling.

"What would you do?" asked Verulam nastily, and smiled at Lady Dexter.

But Martia bit her lip and was silent. They did not mention Colonel Joscelyn's name during the rest of dinner; but afterwards, when they were all having their coffee and cigarettes in the garden, Claudia drew Martia aside.

"My dear," she whispered, "what upset you so at dinner?"

"It was nothing," laughed Martia; but her voice belied her words.

"Really, the way you looked at Verulam—"

"Did I?"

"What did he say?"

"My dear Claudia," said Martia, "it was nothing. I was only very excited. I was only sticking up for a friend."

Claudia looked puzzled. "I thought," she said, "that they were talking about poor Mr. Detmold's death."

"They were," retorted Martia, grimly. "They are always talking about it. There is a lamentable lack of originality in people's conversation nowadays."

"My dear Martia," exclaimed Claudia, with a note of genuine concern in her voice, "something is wrong—something has upset you. I wish you'd trust me. You make me feel quite uncomfortable. What did Verulam say?"

"Say? What did he say?" She laughed bitterly.

"Oh, it isn't what he said; they never say anything, they hint—and hint—and hint. It's abominable! I wonder Colonel Joscelyn doesn't horsewhip them." She was very excited.

"Colonel Joscelyn?" Claudia's voice dropped to a whisper. "I see," she said, "what you mean. Yes, it doesn't seem quite fair, does it? But surely he doesn't care? He is above troubling about gossip. Surely he has been talked about enough in his life, my dear. But I didn't know you took any particular interest in him; I thought you looked upon the Colonel like the rest of us poor, young and innocent creatures. Personally, I don't think he's nearly as black as he's painted, and he's certainly none the

less interesting, even if he is. But, still, you must admit that this business of poor Mr. Detmold is—well, is very funny."

Claudia Waynflete never knew why it was that Martia Chesney suddenly laughed aloud in her face, and turned and walked away, though she often wondered, and once or twice afterwards endeavoured to ask Martia for an explanation. She did not have an opportunity of pursuing the conversation then, because a servant appeared at the open French windows and announced the Duke of Portland, and the smiling young subaltern stepped forward into the garden to greet Lady Dexter.

Portsmouth, who was little more than a schoolboy, and had only been gazetted a second lieutenant in the 22nd Hussars a few months previously, was a persona grata at the Firs, where it was whispered that Jacqueline exercised a great influence over the young soldier. Lady Dexter liked him, which was not to be wondered at, considering who he was, but Claudia liked him, too, which is saying a good deal more. He was full of life and spirits, and was always welcome.

"How'd ye do, Smug?" he said, with a patronising nod to Verulam, after he had noisily saluted Lady Dexter, the Earl, Claudia, and Martia. "Got some news that'll make you blink? Didn't expect to find you here. Just looked in to impart it to Lady Dexter."

"News?" drawled Verulam. "Is there any news left in this sedate place?"

"Heard it at mess to-night. It's simply bowled us all over, knocked us all into a heap."

"What's up?" asked Verulam, with some show of interest. "Don't say we're going to Somaliland!"

"No such luck," laughed the youth. "It's the Colonel."

Martia caught her breath, and bent forward. She had not been paying any attention to the conversation until this moment. Her mind had been full of bitter, chaotic thoughts, and she had only one desire, and that was to get away and to be alone to think—think. She was always thinking.

"The Colonel?" exclaimed Verulam. "What's he been up to?"

"He's sent in his papers," said Portsmouth. "What?" Verulam had cast all his affected indifference to the winds. Even Lord Clowes sat more upright in his garden chair.

"Yes, sent in his papers, sir," repeated Portsmouth, "chucked the regiment, resigned his command—gone on to the retired list. Joscelyn, too, with ten years before him! Why, we'd got bets on his being C. in C. before he'd done with it. How's that for a piece of news—eh?"

Continued on Page 14.

A German Professor's Success.

Dyeing the Hair in Washable Tints.

A NEW DEPARTURE.

Nothing is more essential in the compounding of dyes for the hair than a thorough scientific knowledge of the subject. Yet it is remarkable that it is the branch above all others in which the greatest ignorance prevails. The one and only object achieved by makers of many high-priced hair dyes has been simply to provide a composition capable of imparting some sort of colour to grey hair without the all-important consideration of naturalness of shade.

GREY HAIR MADE PEA-GREEN.

Since there is no object to be served in dyeing hair other than to hide the ravages of time, it is not of supreme importance that the shade to be imparted to the hair by a dye should be so truly natural as to defy detection under the closest scrutiny? Otherwise who will say that grey hair is not more to be admired than the pea-green, coffee-coloured tints the hair must invariably assume with the use of ignorantly compounded dyes?

COMMON DYES AND BALDNESS.

That, however, is but one side of the question. There is the life of the hair also to be considered. Many dyes are composed of such virulent ingredients as acetate of lead, mercury, nitrate of silver and lead. The use of such powerful chemicals can have but one effect on the hair—that is, utter destruction. Pursued in, it will only be a question of time before a complete state of baldness exists.

THE NEW DEPARTURE.

The experience of one who has made a life study of the hair, and who knows more connected with that subject than any man living to-day, has proved that such chemicals are altogether unnecessary. That man is Professor Seeger, of Berlin. It is now ten years since Professor Seeger introduced the dye bearing his name into this country. At that time people had to be satisfied with any dye—anything to hide grey hair.

THE ABNORMAL

DEMAND FOR SEEGER'S.

The first year's sale of Seeger's Hair Dye amounted to less than six hundred bottles. Now over five hundred and seventy-three thousand names are registered as regular users in the post register. This is ample proof that Seeger's Hair Dye is a really natural and reliable Hair Dye. Yet it has been perhaps the least advertised hair dye of all. In the ten years of its existence no single instance has been known of dissatisfaction to the user. On the other hand new users, many of them formerly adherents to the extravagantly-priced French brands, are daily being added. Users of Seeger's Hair Dye have the assurance that the result will never fail to be absolutely satisfactory, a desideratum impossible when crudely-constructed hair dyes are in use. Seeger's Hair Dye leaves no unpleasant odour, and does not take away the natural gloss of the hair. It is permanent and washable, and has been referred to as "twin-sister to nature."

SEEGER'S HAIR DYE can be mailed through by post in plain packets, at 2s. 2d. per bottle. In order to provide a means of deciding upon the exact shade required, a trial bottle of Seeger's Hair Dye is supplied mailed free from observation for seven stamps. An experimental test can be then made upon a lock of hair or upon a knot of combings, and the desired tint decided upon.

Address all inquiries, HINDS (CURLERS), (Ltd.), 1, Tabernacle-street, London, E.C.

Continued from Page 13.

"Well, I'm hanged!" was all Verulam said, and he did not even notice the look of surprise and reproach called up into his father's face at the expression.

Martia heard, and for a moment everything seemed to be spinning around her. Colonel Joscelyn had resigned! It was inconceivable. It could only mean one thing, and it was because of that that she felt suddenly cold with fear, and shame, and fierce, relentless anger.

"Tell me," she said in a strained, high-pitched voice, addressing the young subaltern, "is it true? Are you sure? Oh, it must be a mistake. Colonel Joscelyn is too fond of his regiment, too much wrapped up in his profession. And he is young. He need not retire yet. There must be a mistake."

"That's what I should have said, Mrs. Chesney," answered Portsmouth, "what we'd all have said, if the Colonel didn't tell us himself at mess to-night. He gave us the 22nd for the last time. You can't understand what a shock we got. It'll be in the next 'Gazette.' Denniston is going to succeed him—a good man Denniston, but he isn't a Joscelyn." The six months old soldier pronounced opinions, and spoke with the familiarity of a Field Marshal.

"Did he—Colonel Joscelyn, did he say anything?" asked Martia. "Did he make any explanation?"

"Broke down, I suppose," put in Verulam. "I'm glad I wasn't there. I hate scenes."

"Broke down?" Portsmouth laughed scornfully. "The Colonel broke down? Not he; he just took it as a matter of course. After we'd drunk the King, he just got up and grinned pleasantly—regular old bronze image grin, you know, Verulam—and said that this would be the last time he'd sit in his present capacity, though he hoped we'd ask him to dinner on a guest night some time in the future. We simple gasped. Thought it was a joke, or that he'd suddenly gone mad. Then he told us plainly, just as if he was lecturing us on the new regulations, or his pet bit chain, that he had decided to give up soldiering and let the younger men have a chance. Said he'd had a real good time, and all that sort of thing, and yarned about loyalty to him and his successor—thanked us for nothing sort of speech—only spoke for about a couple of minutes. Then, before we quite knew whether we were dreaming, he asked us to drink to the 22nd Hussars, and—well, there you are!"

"I'm hanged!" exclaimed Verulam a second time, and with more emphasis. Lord Clowes omitted to frown; he had become too interested to notice such minor details.

Martia's throat was dry; she wanted to ask more questions, but she was afraid to trust herself to speak.

"It seems very funny," said Lady Dexter.

Martia winced.

"What can be the reason?" asked Claudia. "Nobody for a moment thought of Colonel Joscelyn as a man who would go on to the Half Pay List. Why, he is not much over forty."

"A V.C., too," put in Lord Clowes, in his harsh, strident voice. "A soldier every inch of him. Wish there were more like him. We shouldn't have so many little wares if there were—eh, Verulam?"

"No, sir—quite so," agreed Verulam, absently.

"I can't think of Colonel Joscelyn as a civilian," mused Lady Dexter. "Why, the poor dear man will pine away and die."

"He's a demon for work," said Portsmouth, reminiscingly.

"Perhaps we shan't have so many of those two o'clock night parades he was so fond of now," said Verulam. "Denniston's a good deal older."

"And from all accounts," added Portsmouth, "fairly easy going. They say that at Aldershot he—"

"These easy going men are the curse of the Army, young man," interrupted the Earl, in a voice that awakened the birds in the big elm at the end of the lawn.

Portsmouth smiled cherubically. "You haven't had many midnight parades, sir," he said, sweetly.

The Earl scowled, and regarded the youngster in silence. Then he said: "Young man, at your age, if I am not mistaken, I not infrequently paraded at midnight. Indeed, in the Crimea, we generally fought about that time."

Verulam smiled approvingly at his father, and laid his hand affectionately on his shoulder.

"Well, all I can say," said Claudia quickly, anxious to change the subject, "is that I should like to know why Colonel Joscelyn has done this."

"Yes," said Lady Dexter, "there seems to me to be something beneath the surface—wheels within wheels, you know." Martia dug her nails into the palm of her hand. Just then she felt that she wanted to shriek.

Verulam turned to her, and his snug, hypocritical face was wreathed in a singularly unpleasant smile. "I should think," he said, "that it's the Detmold business, shouldn't you, Martia?"

CHAPTER XIX.

Martia lay awake nearly the whole of that night trying to make up her mind on the problem which had suddenly presented itself to her. It was a hot and insufferably close night that found relief an hour after dawn in a violent thunderstorm. The night had been charged with electricity, and some

of those mysterious influences had entered into her nervous system; she felt highly-strung, quivering with some physical forces beyond her control.

Colonel Joscelyn had sent in his papers. That was the only thing she could grasp fully. He had been forced by the talk of gossiping old women to resign his beloved profession. They had talked and hinted; and at last it had become too much for him. Rumours must have reached Headquarters, and he had been called upon to make the stupendous sacrifice. She could read between the lines; it was all too horribly clear to her. A British officer must be like Caesar's wife. He must never wait until he be called upon for a defence. A breath of suspicion, a reflection on his honour, and he must make the renunciation for the sake of the honour of others, of the regiment, of the Army, of the country.

What a farce it all was, what a mean and tawdry sentiment, what an altar on which to sacrifice a life and career! And yet, this was what he was doing. No one would ever know why—save Paul Joscelyn and two or three high officials in Pall Mall. They were all banded together to hush up scandals, and Paul Joscelyn was not the sort of man to wash his dirty linen in the market place. He had resigned, and nobody would know why, and nobody would trouble to know why after the first surprise at the announcement was over. He would take his place in the vast army of the might-have-beens, and far less efficient and far less worthy men would rise and take his place. The position was pathetic. He would probably retire on the rank of Major-General, and write letters to the "Times," and discuss War Office shortcomings in a Pall Mall club.

And all the time he would be young and vigorous, a man in his prime, at an age when many men attain their majority, and feel that their career has only started.

And he was called upon to make this great and humiliating sacrifice for her! He was bearing all the brunt of evil tongues and malicious libel, he was being subjected to abominable suspicion, was being labelled with a dark story for the end of his days. They would talk of him as a man under a cloud. For her sake! It was monstrous! But what could she do? In the tense strain of that interminable night of electric stillness and suppressed forces she fought for some remedy. Not for a moment could she think of allowing it. A sense of unutterable shame scorched her very soul. If she tacitly consented to this thing, she felt that she could never look an honest man in the face again. To stand by and allow this incredible injustice without raising a hand to prevent it would make even life impossible for her.

She must confess everything. That was the only remedy. She must sacrifice herself. She ought to have done it from the first. It would mean the loss of everything, of Philip, and love and life; but the other meant the loss of that which was far more precious—her honour and self-respect.

The next morning she arose tired and unrefreshed. The reflection of herself in the mirror frightened her. Her head was splitting, her eyes ached with the heaviness of lead. She had one clearly formed idea in her mind. She must see Paul Joscelyn at once. At first she thought of going over to his house at the barracks; but, on second thoughts, she decided to write him a note and send it by hand. She would rather he called upon her here. It would make it easier for her—and for him; and all the time she was thinking of Philip—Philip, who was soon to suffer so unnecessarily for her grievous sin.

Shortly after she had breakfasted she sat down and started a letter.

"Dear Colonel Joscelyn," she wrote, "I want to see you particularly. Can you make it convenient to call here sometime this afternoon? I shall be at home all the day—Yours sincerely, Martia Chesney."

She had placed this short note in an envelope and was addressing it when a servant entered the room.

"If you please, ma'am," said the girl, "Colonel Joscelyn wants to know if you can see him."

She crushed the letter in her hand and rose to her feet. "Colonel Joscelyn? Where is he?" she exclaimed in a low, agitated voice.

"He is outside, ma'am. He wouldn't come in until I'd asked you whether you could see him."

In a moment she had regained complete control over herself. "Ask Colonel Joscelyn into the drawing room," she said. "I will go to him there."

Five minutes afterwards she found him turning over the pages of the "Contemporary." He was in mufti, dressed in a grey lounge suit. She noticed it, and attached quite an unnecessary significance to the fact of his not being in uniform. It was only just past eleven o'clock. He looked just as he always looked, grim, bronzed, utterly expressionless; and he greeted her in the most conventional manner. He might have been an acquaintance paying a duty call. She felt that she was showing her feelings, despite her valiant efforts to remain calm. Her hand trembled as she held it out to him; a mist swam before her eyes.

"How do you do, Mrs. Chesney?" he said, pleasantly. "I hope you'll forgive my calling at so early an hour; but I heard incidentally that you came down to Torhampton yesterday. I am going to town by the twelve-twenty, and I wanted just to bid you goodbye."

"I—I had just written to you," she faltered.

"Written to me? Whatever for?" His grim, weather-tanned face relaxed into an interrogative smile.

"I heard it last night," she said, huskily. "She did not look at him; she was afraid to trust herself. At all costs she must remain cool—cool and determined. Young Portsmouth told us. He—he had just heard."

"Humm!" I see. Well, that's all right. He's saved me the trouble of telling you myself."

Yes, I'm giving up soldiering, Mrs. Chesney; letting the youngsters have a chance, you know; feel I'm getting too old and deserve a holiday, don't you know." He spoke with a quite unusual brusque heartiness. "I shall see Captain Chesney in town. I've written to him. We shall meet at the Club to-night. I'm going to Paris to-morrow. By the way, Mrs. Chesney," he added, in his more natural manner, "how did you leave Sir John? Making good progress, I hope?"

"He is coming down with Philip to-morrow," she answered, in a dull, toneless, detached fashion. Somehow, now that Paul Joscelyn was here in the very room with her, it seemed difficult to speak the thing in her mind.

"Ah, the change will do him good, I am sure. It's very fresh after the storm. Quite a relief."

"Yes," she faltered.

Paul Joscelyn gave her a quick, penetrating glance from the corners of his eyes; then he frowned.

"A very bad storm," he said, quickly. "The lightning struck the roof of the sergeants' mess. No great damage done, fortunately. By the way," he added, "have you seen this morning's paper?"

No.

The Colonel's lips compressed, and he nodded and sat imperceptibly. One watching him might have detected a faint trace of relief in the action.

There was a moment's silence between them; then, unable to bear the strain any longer, she tossed her head back and looked up into his grim, iron-jawed face, and met his cold, expressionless eyes.

"Colonel Joscelyn," she cried, fiercely, "let us have done with all this! I can't stand it! I can't stand it, I tell you. I shall go mad. I must speak to you."

"My dear Mrs. Chesney!"

"Oh, don't look at me like that," she continued, in a voice trembling and hoarse with emotions long held in check, "don't talk to me about understorms and—and all that. You know what I am thinking, you know what I feel—you must! I tell you, I won't let you do it. It's monstrous. What must you think of me?"

Paul Joscelyn's calm and impassive manner changed. He rose to his feet, tall, lean, straight as a lance, and looked down at the woman with a pained, deprecating expression, a look that was almost appeal.

"My dear Mrs. Chesney, I beg of you not to talk like that," he said. "I had hoped that by this time—"

"It isn't fair," she cried, angrily. "It is all because of—because of that wretched business, isn't it? Who should suffer, if anybody has to suffer?"

"I think," he said, gently, "that you have suffered enough. Come, do not let your feelings run away with you, Mrs. Chesney. That is not like you."

"Tell me," she said, with a pitiful little catch in her voice, "what have they found out?"

"They have found out nothing, of course," he answered, grimly. "How should they?"

"Oh, but they talk and talk—"

"That is a foolish but fortunately harmless occupation," he retorted.

Oh, you cannot deceive me, Colonel Joscelyn. I should be blind if I did not see that it means. They have made you do this—and it is because of me! And I tell you I won't allow it!"

A dull flush crept into the bronzed cheeks of the soldier, and he gave a short, almost vicious tug at his stubbly moustache. "Let me assure you, Mrs. Chesney," he said, "that nothing has been discovered, and nothing can be discovered, if you behave as a rational human being. I wish I could sufficiently impress that upon you. You are perfectly safe. Believe me, I would not tell you this, if I were not sure of it. If I thought there were any danger, any remote danger of the truth leaking out, I should feel it my duty to warn you—and to help you. But the whole matter is dead and done with, and all you and I have to do is to forget it."

"Forget it?" she cried, with a little sobbing laugh. "Do you think I shall ever forget it?"

"It rests largely with yourself, Mrs. Chesney," he said gravely. "But, in any case, it will only be a matter of time. In a few months—a year, say, you will understand what I mean, and will know that what I am telling you is the truth. It isn't the future you have to trouble about, because you will, if you are a sensible woman, and I feel sure you are, grow to regard the whole affair quite impersonally. This is inevitable. It is natural law. Our feelings cannot survive time, and it is as well, because some of us—you, for instance—would go mad."

"And you?"

He shrugged his shoulders, and smiled. "Oh, I am different. I've had too many shocks in my life to have many nerves left, you know; and then—well, you and I regard human life from a different standpoint. But that is neither here nor there. I want to impress upon you, Mrs. Chesney, that it rests entirely with yourself whether you are a happy woman in the present, or, as you are now, worrying yourself into an illness, or something worse. Think of your husband. You owe it to him, at any rate. Come, like a brave little woman, make up your mind to

have done with all these maudlin fears and fancies. I had begun to hope that you had succeeded. The worst is over, and every day will bring you nearer to a normal appreciation of—the singularly unfortunate occurrence."

He spoke gently, though firmly, as a father might speak to his daughter. He was a man of few words, and consequently he did not waste time, or leave any room for doubt as to his meaning.

"It isn't that," said Martia fiercely. "I do not fear for myself. I do not care now what the consequences be. I sometimes wish that I had borne them at the time, then, and there, and had done with it all; because the time is bound to come, sooner or later. I feel it. We are only postponing the inevitable reckoning. One day I shall have to stand before the world as the—the murderer of Lewis Detmold."

The Colonel gave vent to a gruff exclamation of contempt. "All that," he said, impatiently, "is maudlin nonsense, and the sooner you get it out of your mind the better. I am very sorry, Mrs. Chesney, and—yes, I think I am surprised, and disappointed. I thought you were made of sterner stuff than that. You know, just as well as I do, that you are no more the murderers of Lewis Detmold than—I am. And, if it comes to that, the law would say the same. To all intents and purposes, the verdict of the law is a perfectly just one. He destroyed himself. But why should we go into all this again? You must not talk like that."

"And you," she cried, "are going to ruin your life, give up your career, because of me."

"Nonsense," he said shortly.

"You have sent in your papers, you are going to leave the Army. Oh, it's cruel—cruel!"

"Really, Mrs. Chesney," he said, and a strange, half-amused smile crept into the corners of his mouth and accentuated the network of crowfeet around his eyes, "what has that to do with it?"

"It has everything! I am not blind. It is all because of this dreadful business."

He permitted himself to laugh; but his laughter was mirthless. "I see," he said, "so that is what is troubling you. What very foolish and irrational creatures you women are! Now, surely, you will accord me the right to take a holiday before I've done with my life?"

She gave him a swift look of protest, almost of contempt. "It is no good talking to me like that, Colonel Joscelyn," she said. "You are making a great sacrifice that you are going to ruin your life. And I am not going to let you do it. That is what I wanted to speak to you about. I am going to tell the truth, and stop their tongues, once and for all. They shall know what you have done, and for whom you have done it. Philip comes down to-day, and I shall tell him everything, and—and—"

"You will do nothing of the sort," he interrupted very sternly; and there was something in his look and voice that sent a sudden thrill through her. She stared at him dumbly, helplessly, her hands hanging limp at her sides. "Do you realise what you are saying, Mrs. Chesney? Have you suddenly taken leave of your senses?"

"Oh, I don't know," she moaned, "I don't know what I mean. I can't go on like this. I must clear you of all blame—I must!"

Paul Joscelyn's face was very stern, and there was a glitter of fire in his grey eyes.

"And, pray, what do you propose to do?" he asked, coldly.

"I? Oh, I must tell the truth, confess everything."

"And you think that would mend matters?"

"It would clear your name—that is all I want. It is my duty."

To be Continued To-morrow.

A POEM YOU OUGHT TO KNOW.

DEATHLESS.

There lies in the centre of each man's heart,
A longing and love for the good and pure;
And if but an atom, or larger part,
I tell you this shall endure—endure.
After the body has gone to decay—
Yea, after the world has passed away.
The longer I live and the more I see
Of the struggle of souls toward the heights above,
The stronger this truth comes home to me:
That the Universe rests on the shoulders of love;
A love so limitless, deep and broad,
That men have renamed it and called it—God.
And nothing that ever was born or evolved,
Nothing created by light or force,
But deep in its system there lies dissolved
A shining drop from the Great Love Source,
A shining drop that shall live for aye—
Though kingdoms may perish and stars decay.

Ellis Wheeler Wilcox.
(In the New York American).

'Daily Mirror' Small Advertisements.

Private advertisements of domestic servants requiring situations, or of employers requiring domestic servants of all classes; advertisements of articles for sale and wanted; apartments, furnished and unfurnished; houses and flats to let or wanted, and miscellaneous private announcements, are received at the offices of the "Daily Mirror," 45 and 46, New Bond Street, at the rate of 12 words 1/6, 1 1/2. each word afterwards. Advertisements can be left at the Offices, or they can be sent by post, when they must be accompanied by Postal Orders (not stamps) crossed BARCLAY & Co.

Advertisements are accepted at the offices, 45 and 46, New Bond Street, between the hours of 10 and 7, for insertion in the issue of the following day.

"Daily Mirror" advertisers can have replies to their advertisements sent free of charge to the "Daily Mirror" Offices, a Box Department having been opened for that purpose. If replies are to be forwarded, sufficient stamps to cover postage must be sent with the advertisement.

The Domestic Bureau which the "Daily Mirror" has opened at 45 and 46, New Bond Street, W., for the benefit of mistresses and servants advertising in the "Daily Mirror," has on its books a large number of servants of all classes whose characters have been verified by the Domestic Bureau.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

Menservants.

HOUSE PORTER: 24; 16s.; very good references—Webster, 3, Chitty-street, W.C. 2121

WAITER or Platenam, age 35; £40-£45; highly recommended; German—O 82, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

HALL PORTER, age 31; 14s. weekly; good season references—O 84, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

INDOOR Servant, good; age 23; £24; nine months' references—O 85, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

PORTER, good; age 21; 26s.; short references through Ullman—O 85, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

PORTER, now disengaged, 18s.-£1; good references—O 8, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 2124

Cooks.

LADY COOK now at liberty; aged 29; £50-£60; Kitchenmaid and Scullerymaid required—305, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

COOK, first-class, accustomed to mess catering; age 40; £50; total abstainer; superior woman now disengaged—301, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

COOK; disengaged; age 20; £20; good references—O 8, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 2120

Housekeepers.

HOUSEKEEPER-COOK requires post in business home where she can live; £20-£30; 9, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

Housemaids.

HOUSEMAID, age 25; £18-£20. Hotel references; will take private—O 76, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

HOUSEMAID, head of two; age 20; £24-£26; one year's references—Boots, 21, Sydney-street, Chelsea. 2118

Chambermaids.

HOUSECHAMBERMAID, experienced; age 30; £18; disengaged—O 79, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

HOUSECHAMBERMAID, age 26; £18; good references—O 81, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

Parlourmaids.

PARLOURMAID, thoroughly experienced; £20; two years' references—O 74, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

USEFUL Maid; good needlewoman; excellent references—A. T. 60, Fulbourn-terrace, Walthamstow. 2116

Lady's Maids.

LADY'S MAID, age 37; £35; good dress-making and hairdressing; good references—O 7, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

LADY'S MAID, disengaged; hairdressing, packing, German; speaks French, English, Italian, 1, College-place, Kentish-terrace. 2113

General Servants.

FRENCH Lady desires Useful Help's place; £24; no English—O 75, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

USEFUL Help disengaged; age 43; £20; also housekeeper—282, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

Kitchenmaid.

KITCHENMAID, first-class; age 32; £40; must sleep out; 15 years' references—O 77, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

Nurses.

SUPERIOR Children's Nurse; take baby from the mother, age 28; £36; good references—302, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

MATERNITY Nurse (certificated Queen Charlotte's Hospital) is disengaged; High wages; six guineas, monthly—Nurse Edwards, 10, Norfolk-avenue, Southend.

NURSE-COMPANION (District preferred) or Household Nurse; home by arrangement—539, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

UNDER NURSE, age 18; £16; disengaged—Tampin, 22, B-street, Neaden, N.W. 2123

Governesses.

TWO sisters require posts as Nursery Governess and Companion respectively; highly recommended; £40-£50; £24-£30; 30, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

DAILY Governess; English, French, German, Italian, Latin, Drawing, Music; excellent references—O 340-304, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

GOVERNESS or Companion, age 43; £60; three years' experience; any post of trust—303, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

Miss Sullivan's Governess Agency, 99a, South-Row, Newcastle, Newbury. Highly qualified.

NORBERY Governess, Norwegian; Protestant; age 26; £20; good references—262, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

Schoolroommaid, or first place as Young Lady's Maid; highly recommended—Squire, 60, St. John's Wood Park, South Hampstead.

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